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CONTENTS

VOL. XVIII JULY, 1949 No. 4

Archetypal Analogies in the Language of Criticism M. H. ABRAMS 313

Thomas Garrigue Masaryk: Philosopher in Action S. HARRISON THOMSON 328

Henry James and *The Outcry* LEON EDEL 340

The Neo-Orthodoxy of Niebuhr DAVID A. STEWART 347

The Poetry of the Individual JOHN ARTHOS 358

LETTERS IN CANADA: 1948 Edited by J. R. MACGILLIVRAY

Part II

French-Canadian Letters W. E. COLLIN 366

New-Canadian Letters WATSON KIRKCONNELL 396

REVIEWS

English Literary Criticism: The Renascence H. S. WILSON 402

Booker T. Washington MALCOLM W. WALLACE 405

Hawthorne the Man: A Mystery Still GORDON ROPER 407

Dr. Johnson and Science DORIS B. SAUNDERS 409

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ARCHETYPAL ANALOGIES IN THE LANGUAGE OF CRITICISM

M. H. ABRAMS

THE task of analysing the nature and function of metaphor has traditionally been assigned to the rhetorician and to the critic of literature. But metaphor, whether alive or moribund, is an inseparable element of all discourse, including discourse whose professed purpose is neither persuasive nor aesthetic, but descriptive and informative. Metaphysical systems, in particular, are fundamentally metaphorical systems, as Professor Stephen Pepper has recently shown in some detail.[1] Even the languages of the natural sciences cannot claim to be literal, although their key terms often are not recognized to be metaphors until, in the course of time, the general adoption of a new analogy yields perspective into the nature of the old. And in the criticism of poetry, metaphor and analogy, though less conspicuous, are perhaps no less functional than in poetry itself. What I want to do is to indicate briefly the role in the history of criticism of certain submerged conceptual models—what I have called "archetypal analogies"—in helping to select, interpret, systematize, and evaluate the facts of literature.[2]

Let me introduce the subject with a passage from Plato, whose characteristic and self-admitted use of myth and parable makes him a convenient point of departure. One of Plato's habitual analogies is that of the reflector, either a mirror or water, or else that less perfect "reflection" of things that we call shadow. These he uses to clarify the inter-relations of all the items in the universe: of things to their prototypes, or Ideas; and of imitations of things, including those in the arts, to their models in the world of sense. When, in the tenth book of the *Republic,* Socrates considers the problem of the true nature of poetry, he at once introduces this analogue. The maker of an actual bed or table proceeds in accordance with the Ideas of these things. But the artist has another and easier way to make these and all other things.

> What way?
> An easy way enough; or rather, there are many ways in which the feat might be quickly and easily accomplished, none quicker than that of turning a mirror round and round—you would soon enough make the sun and the heavens, and the earth and yourself, and other animals and plants, and all the other things of which we were just now speaking, in the mirror.[3]

And from the properties of such mirror images, Plato goes on to evolve several unflattering consequences about the character and value of art.

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[1] *World Hypotheses* (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1942); also Dorothy M. Emmet, *The Nature of Metaphysical Thinking* (London, 1946).

[2] A more comprehensive and detailed study will be found in my book, now nearing completion, tentatively entitled *The Mirror and the Lamp: The Transition to Romantic Theories of Poetry and Art.*

[3] *Republic* X. 596. Jowett's translation.

Ordinarily one would say that Plato introduced the mirror to illustrate a ready-formed concept of the nature of art, and the only question to be raised is whether the illustration is apt. But there is another reasonable question, and this is the one I wish to emphasize in this paper, not: "How apt is the analogy to the concept?" but: "To what extent may the concept have been generated from the analogy?" Many expository analogues are indeed, as standard rhetorical theory proposes, passing and illustrative; but some few, at least, seem recurrent and *constitutive,* not merely illustrative: they yield the ground-plan and essential structural elements of a literary, or other, theory. By the same token, they select and mould those "facts" which a theory comprehends. For facts are *facta,* things made as much as things found, and made in part by the analogies through which we look at the world as through a lens. "I wonder," Coleridge once remarked, "why facts were ever called stubborn things? . . . Facts, you know, are not truths; they are not conclusions; they are not even premisses, but in the nature and parts of premisses."[4]

Any new area for investigation, so long as it lacks prior concepts to give it structure and an express terminology with which to manage it, appears to the inquiring mind inchoate—either a blank, or a blooming, buzzing confusion. The usual recourse is, more or less deliberately, to cast about for objects which offer parallels to dimly sensed aspects of the new situation, to use the better known to elucidate the less known, to discuss the intangible in terms of the tangible. This analogical procedure seems characteristic of much intellectual enterprise. There is a deal of wisdom in the popular locution for "What is its nature?" namely: "What's it *like?*" We tend to describe the nature of something in similes and metaphors, and the vehicles of these figures, when analysed, often turn out to be the attributes of an implicit analogue through which we are viewing the object we describe. And if I am right, Plato's analogical procedure differs from that of most inquirers less in tactics than in candour.

The physical analogue of a mirror continued to be a favourite with literary critics until well on in the eighteenth century; and it was supported by a similitude of like properties, that of a picture, which not only "reflects" an object but, unlike a mirror, captures and retains that reflection. Horace's *ut pictura poesis,* "poetry is like a picture," taken out of context and misinterpreted, became an axiom in popular aesthetic wisdom. Very early in the history of the aesthetic mirror, of course, Plotinus and others held that art by-passes the particulars of sense to reflect directly the Platonic Ideas, and thus converted Plato's charge that art departs from its object only to falsify into the laudatory claim that it does so only in order to approximate more closely to the ideal. Other critics sheared away the other-worldly part of Plato's cosmogony, but saved the dignity of art by maintaining that it images the universal, the typical, or the general, rather than the particulars of sense. Nevertheless, the perspective of later analogies enables us to discriminate common tendencies in all theories which relied on the mirror as archetype. Among other things, the parallel focussed interest on the subject-matter of a work and minimized the part played by the individuality of the author; it confirmed a preoccupation with the "truth" of art, or its correspondence to the object it is held to reflect; and it tended to confine attention to the completed product, at the expense of the artistic process.

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[4] *Table Talk* (Oxford, 1917), 165; Dec. 27, 1831.

A well-chosen analogy, whose attributes yield revealing explanatory categories, seems an indispensable intellectual tool. The endemic disease of analogical thinking, however, is hardening of the categories. For as Coleridge said, "No simile runs on all four legs." Analogues are by their nature only partial parallels, and the very sharpness of focus afforded by an insightful archetype makes marginal and elusive those qualities of an object which fall outside its primitive categories. While a work of art, for instance, is very like a mirror, it is also in important respects quite different, and few critics have been able to keep the aesthetic categories derived from a mirror flexible and sufficiently responsive to data lying beyond their immediate scope.

The history of modern criticism has in considerable part been the search for alternative parallels which would avoid some of the implications of the mirror, and better comprehend these marginal aspects of an aesthetic object. Some eighteenth-century critics, in both England and Germany, explored the Renaissance parallel between the poet and God the Creator, and made the poem a *heterocosmos,* "a second nature," whose creatures and laws, being *sui generis,* are relieved from the obligation to represent the order of the empirical world. Some early nineteenth-century critics maintained, with some plausibility, that the poet is more like a wind-harp, responding musically to invisible influences, than like an agent, holding a mirror up to nature. Still others exploited the metaphor that art is the "overflow" or "expression" of feeling, and ended by reversing traditional aesthetics and finding the materials, the differentia, and the criteria for art in the nature of the poet rather than in the nature of the external universe.

Any of these similitudes might be used to illustrate the role of analogical change in the history of criticism. But I shall choose instead what is perhaps the most dramatic of all archetypal substitutions, which included in its scope not only the theory of art but all provinces of intellection—philosophy, theology, historiography, and even science. This was the replacement of the analogy of a machine by that of a living plant as the implicit paradigm governing the analysis of the process—which is to say, the psychology—and also the product of literary invention. The crucial period in this change is the later eighteenth and early nineteenth century, and in England it showed itself earliest and most clearly in the criticism of S. T. Coleridge. Let me begin with a sketch of the mechanistic psychology of invention which was dominant prior to Coleridge, against which his own mature writings were a continuous protest.

I

What we now call "the psychology of art" had its origin when philosophers habitually began to think of the mind of the artist as interposed between the world of sense and the work of art, and to attribute to mental processes, instead of to the reflection of an ideal, the conspicuous differences between art and empirical reality. It was of great moment to criticism that this development occurred, for the most part, in the seventeenth century, during the smashing triumphs of the natural philosophers in the field of mechanics. For it is quite clear that English empirical psychology, as exemplified by Hobbes and Locke, was in large part an attempt to transport into the psychical realm the explanatory scheme of physical science, and so to extend the victories of mechanics from matter to mind. In the following century, David Hume, David Hartley, Alexander Gerard, and Lord Kames, among others, proposed explicitly to emulate the physical scientists by ascending from observation and experiment to principles and laws, and so to found a science of mind which, as Hume said, "will not be inferior in certainty, and will be much superior in utility" to the science of nature.[5] Now the only direct data as to the nature of mental processes are those shadowy and fugitive items available to introspection—those "modes of inmost being," Coleridge called them, to which we "know that the attributes of time and space are inapplicable and alien, but which yet can not be conveyed save in symbols of time and space."[6] In consequence, these data are more than ordinarily plastic, and peculiarly amenable to the formative influence of an archetypal analogy.

Almost all the empirical philosophers, English and Scottish, allude to literary invention, while in his 400-page *Essay on Genius,* published in 1774, Alexander Gerard wrote what for a century remained the most detailed and comprehensive study devoted specifically to the psychology of the inventive process. Let me summarize the tendencies, common to most of these treatises, which disclose the nature of their underlying archetype.

1. *The elementary particles*. The empirical psychology is unreservedly elementaristic in its method: it takes as its starting-point, its basic datum, the element or part. All the manifold contents and goings-on of the mind are held to be analysable without residue into a limited number of simple elements, and the procedure of the theorist is to explain complex psy-

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[5] *Treatise of Human Nature,* ed. L. A. Selby-Bigge (Oxford, 1896), xx-xxiii; cf. his *Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary,* ed. T. H. Greene and T. H. Grose (London, 1875), II, 166. See also Hartley, *Observations on Man* (6th ed., London, 1834), 4-5; Gerard, *Essay on Genius* (London, 1774), 1-4; Kames, *Elements of Criticism* (New York, 1852, from the 7th London ed.), I, 13-23.

[6] *Biographia Literaria,* ed. J. Shawcross (Oxford, 1907), II, 120.

chological states or products as various combinations of these atoms of mind. The elements, usually called "ideas," are assumed to be wholes or parts, literally, of images—exact, although fainter, replicas of the original perceptions and affections.

2. *The motions and combinations of the parts.* Images move in sequence across the mind's eye. All "imagination," including the invention of poetry, has as its sole content either the integral images of sense, or else splintered fragments of these images re-combined into a form never present to sense.

Theorists about literature often cited, as typical of the imaginative process, the ancient example of the invention of mythological grotesques which obviously lacked a precedent in sense experience. As Alexander Gerard put it: "The boldest fictions of the poets, which least resemble any thing in nature, are yet composed of parts which really exist in nature. When Homer formed the idea of *Chimera,* he only joined into one animal, parts which belonged to different animals; the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a serpent."[7] And a similar analysis in terms of the severance of sensible wholes into parts, and the re-aggregation of parts into new wholes, was used to explain all possible varieties of imaginative invention.

3. *The laws of associative attraction.* As the principle governing the sequence and conjunction of ideas, Hume, building upon suggestions in earlier philosophers, posited the theory of the association of ideas. Ten years later, in 1749, David Hartley published his own version of associative theory, developed independently of Hume's *Treatise.* Very quickly this concept was accepted by other theorists (although with variant opinions concerning the number and kinds of associative links), as the basic law governing all mental motions.

Now, notice how close is the parallel between this scheme of mind and the elementary concepts of matter, motion, and force composing Newton's science of mechanics, though shorn, naturally, of Newton's quantitative formulations: (1) The unit ideas of mind correspond to Newton's elemental particles of matter. (2) The notion of trains or sequences of ideas is the mental equivalent of physical motion in space. (3) The "uniting principle" or "gentle force" (as Hume described association) adds the concept of a uniform cause effecting that motion, analogous to the forces described in Newton's laws of motion and gravitation.

So, at least, it seemed to some of the more sophisticated eighteenth-century philosophers of mind. Hume himself described the law of association (even though he regarded it as merely a tendency, rather than an "inseparable connection") as the mental equivalent of the law of gravitation. "These are therefore the principles of union or cohesion among our simple ideas. . . . Here is a kind of ATTRACTION, which in the mental world will be found to have as extraordinary effects as in the natural, and to shew itself in as many and as various forms."[8] And in Hartley's system of psycho-physical parallelism, the association of ideas becomes merely the introspective correlate of the operation of the mechanical laws of matter in the nervous system.

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[7] *Essay on Genius,* 101-2. Cf., e.g., Hume, *Treatise,* 9-10, and *Enquiry concerning Human Understanding,* sec. II; Kames, *Elements,* II, 403-4 (Appendix, # 19).

4. *The problem of artistic design.* It is the need for giving a satisfactory account of the completed aesthetic whole which perplexes, if it does not confound, the pure mechanist of mind. For every critic still held firmly to the non-mechanistic tradition of classical poetic and rhetoric, which is founded on the central concept of "form," and holds that an aesthetic whole is no mere concourse of atoms, but is characterized by order, design, unity, and the thorough adaptation of part to part. As Gerard, for one, pointed out, since any one idea, by resemblance and contiguity, "bears some relation to an infinite number of other ideas," association can occur in any of an infinite number of directions and "form a confused chaos."[9] Without supplementing these purely efficient, or mechanical causes by purposive or final causes, then, how are we to explain the difference between the purely random associations of delirium, or of Juliet's nurse, and the orderly, productive associations of a Shakespeare?

This very problem of explaining design in the physical universe had been the stumbling-block of a mechanical philosophy ever since the atoms of Democritus. Despite his reluctance to frame hypotheses, Newton himself, following the example of Boyle and other scientific predecessors, had solved the problem of the genesis of order, beauty, and adaptation in the world machine by drawing, as it were, a *deus ex machina*. "This most beautiful System of the sun, planets, and comets," he said, "could only proceed from the counsel and dominion of an intelligent and powerful Being"—that is, from a design in the mind of a purposeful God.[10]

In this respect, as in others, a great many mental philosophers followed the pattern of the natural philosophers. They postulated, first, the existence of a plan or model in the mind of the artist. "A production without a design," as Hume said, "would resemble more the raving of a madman, than the sober efforts of genius and learning." "In all compositions of genius, therefore, 'tis requisite that the writer have some plan or object" in setting out; and the events or actions which are described "must be related to each other in the imagination, and form a kind of Unity . . . which may be the object or end of the writer in his first undertaking."[11]

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[8] *Treatise,* 10, 12-13.

[9] *Essay on Genius,* 49-50.

[10] *Principia,* trans. Andrew Motte (New York, 1846), "General Scholium," 504; see also *Opticks* (3rd ed., London, 1721), Query 31, 377-80.

[11] *Enquiry concerning Human Understanding,* in *Essays,* ed. Greene and Grose, II, 19-23, note; this passage was deleted in the edition of 1777. Gerard similarly introduces "a main design" which acts by strengthening certain of the existing associative

In addition, many theorists brought the intelligent artisan of the world machine indoors and converted him into a mental agent or faculty (usually called "the judgment") whose task it is to select from the mechanical offerings of association those images most consonant with the prior blueprint or "design."[12]

This teleological concept of a controlling design, superimposed on a mechanical scheme of mind, was dearly bought. In Newton's system a final cause had been used only to explain the genesis of the universe, with God's presence thereafter, except for his rare intervention in the way of a miracle, serving mainly to guarantee the continuity of the mechanical laws of cause and effect. In associationist psychology, however, final causes had to be adduced over and over again to explain each several instance of goal-directed thinking. Furthermore, the concept of a prior design—conceived to be a kind of controlling master-image—posed a tacit challenge to the primary empirical assumption that there is no mental content which has not originated in perceptual experience. This design, obviously, could not be an innate Platonic Idea. Neither could it have been derived from direct observation, either of the works of nature or of the works of earlier poets, for this is to set up a regress in which at some point original invention has to be introduced; and original invention, after all, is the very phenomenon we have set out to explain.

The endeavour of eighteenth-century associationists to give a plausible psychological explanation of design is one of the most interesting aspects of their writings. In his attempt to cope with this problem of what, in the terminology of rhetoric, he calls the "disposition," or orderly arrangement of parts in a whole, Alexander Gerard introduces an interesting suggestion. The faculty of genius, he says, "bears a greater resemblance to *nature* in its operations, than to the less perfect energies of *art*." And then, to illustrate these processes of nature, Gerard hits upon an analogy pregnant with implications for literary psychology: the analogy of vegetable growth.

> When a vegetable draws in moisture from the earth, nature, by the same action by which it draws it in, and at the same time, converts it to the nourishment of the plant: it at once circulates through its vessels, and is assimilated to its several parts. In like manner, genius arranges its ideas by the same operation, and almost at the same time, that it collects them.[13]

That is, taken as a paradigm for the inventive process, a plant yields the concept of an implicit design unfolding spontaneously with the growth of

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links between ideas, so enabling them to overrule their rivals (*Essay on Genius,* 46-7). Thomas Reid, *Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man* (Dublin, 1786), II, 77-9, likewise maintains that "every work of art has its model framed in the imagination," which directs the habitual associations of ideas, much as a rider guides his horse.

[12] E.g., Gerard, *Essay on Genius,* 83-5; Reid, *Essays,* II, 78.

[13] *Essay on Genius,* 63-4. It may be pointed out, though there is not space to expand upon the suggestion here, that the historical background of this passage is probably the neo-classic discussion of the problem of the "natural genius," like Shakespeare, who wrote "by nature," without art, rules, judgment, or conscious effort.

the work, which finds and assimilates to its own nature the materials necessary to its nourishment. Contemporary German theorists were already beginning to explore the aesthetic possibilities of the plant as archetype, but this revolutionary suggestion fell on stony ground in the England of 1774. Gerard himself, in pursuing the analysis of literary design, at once reverts to the standard combination of mechanical process and supervisory artisan. "Thus imagination," he says, "is no unskilful architect," for "by its own force, by means of its associating power, after repeated attempts and transpositions, [it] designs a regular and well-proportioned edifice."[14]

II

To find a consistent use in England of the plant as archetype, we must leap over the next four decades and go directly to Coleridge's analysis of the inventive process. At the heart of his theory is his laconic differentiation between fancy and imagination, in the *Biographia Literaria* (1817). As opposed to imagination, fancy "has no other counters to play with, but fixities and definites. The Fancy is indeed no other than a mode of Memory emancipated from the order of time and space, while it is blended with, and modified by that empirical faculty of the will, which we express by the word CHOICE. But equally with the ordinary memory the Fancy must receive all its materials ready made from the law of association."[15] In his lengthy prolegomenon to this passage, in which he reviews the history of mental mechanism, Coleridge tells us expressly that he intends his faculties of memory and fancy to include everything valid in the associative theory of the eighteenth century, and "in conclusion, to appropriate the remaining offices of the mind to the reason, and the imagination."[16] Indeed, Coleridge's analysis of fancy skilfully singles out the basic categories of psychological elementarism: the unit "fixities and definites," derived from sense, moving in a new temporal and spatial order determined by the law of association, but subject to choice by a selective faculty. The residue, after everything in poetic invention which can be, has been so explained, Coleridge attributes to the "secondary imagination." This "dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to recreate; or where this process is rendered impossible, yet still at all events it struggles to idealize and to unify. It is essentially *vital,* even as all objects (*as* objects) are essentially fixed and dead."

The historical importance of Coleridge's imagination has not been overrated. It served, in fact, as the first channel for the flow of organicism into the hitherto clear, though perhaps not very deep stream of English aesthetics. (Organicism may be defined as the philosophy whose major categories are derived from the attributes of living things.) Consider, for example, the antithetic metaphors by which Coleridge, in various passages, discriminates his two productive faculties. The fancy is passive and mechanical, "the aggregative and associative power," acting only "by a sort of juxtaposition."[17] The imagination, on the contrary, "re-creates" its elements by a process which Coleridge often describes in biological terms. The imagination, he says, "is essentially *vital";* it "generates and produces a form of its own"; and "the *rules* of the IMAGINATION are themselves the very powers of growth and production." Coleridge calls imagination an "assimilative power," and the "coadunating faculty"; both adjectives were imported from the vocabulary of contemporary biology, "assimilate" connoting the process by which an organism converts food into its own substance, and "coadunate" meaning "grow together."[18]

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[14] *Ibid.*, 65.

[15] *Biographia Literaria,* I, 202.

[16] *Ibid.*, p. 73.

In fact, it is astonishing how much of Coleridge's criticism is couched in terms which are metaphorical for art and literal for a plant; if Plato's dialectic is a wilderness of mirrors, Coleridge's is a jungle of vegetation. Only let his metaphors come alive, and you undergo the surrealistic experience of seeing all sorts of things writhe into plants or parts of plants, growing in tropical profusion. Words, logic, metre, authors, plays, dramatic characters, isolated poetic passages, poetic genres—all become plants, trees, flowers, blossoms, fruit, bark, and sap. The development of the mind itself (earlier regarded as a passive receptacle of sense impressions) Coleridge compares in detail to the development, assimilation, and respiration of a plant[19]—thus equating knowing with growing, and (to borrow a coinage from I. A. Richards) "knowledge" with "growledge."

In short, Coleridge's distinction between fancy and imagination was a part of his all-out war against the "Mechanico-corpuscular Philosophy" in all its manifestations. Against this philosophy he proposed the same objection to be found in the writings of a distinguished modern heir of organic theory, Professor A. N. Whitehead. It was developed by abstraction, "in order to submit the various phenomena of moving bodies to geometrical construction." "As a *fiction of science,"* said Coleridge, "it would be difficult to overvalue" the mechanical scheme; but Descartes mistakenly propounded it "as *truth of fact:* and instead of a World *created* and filled with productive forces . . . left a lifeless Machine whirled about by the dust of its own Grinding. . . ."[20] Coleridge has, with considerable justice, been charged with being the master of the fragment, and with a penchant for appropriating passages from other philosophers. Yet in an important sense the elements of his theory, whether original or derivative, are consistent, but with a consistency which is not primarily logical, but analogical; it consists in fidelity to the archetype, or founding image, to which he has committed himself. The key to his theory is the antithesis between atomistic and organic, mechanical and vital—ultimately, between the root analogies of machine and growing plant. As Coleridge explored the conceptual possibilities of the latter analogy, it transformed radically many deeply rooted opinions as to the production, classification, anatomy, and evaluation of works of art. The nature of these changes we can glimpse if we ask what the properties are of a plant, as differentiated from those of a machine.

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[17] *Ibid.,* I, 73, 193; *Miscellaneous Criticism,* ed. T. M. Raysor (Cambridge, Mass., 1936), 387.

[18] E.g., *Biographia Literaria,* I, 202; II, 65; *Miscellaneous Criticism,* 387; *Letters,* ed. E. H. Coleridge (Boston and New York, 1895), I, 405; *Shakespearean Criticism,* ed. T. M. Raysor (Cambridge, Mass., 1930), I, 209; II, 341; *Anima Poetae,* ed. E. H. Coleridge (Boston and New York, 1895), 199. Cf. his *Theory of Life,* ed. S. B. Watson (London, 1848), 22, 44.

[19] *Statesman's Manual,* in *Lay Sermons,* ed. Derwent Coleridge (3rd ed., London, 1852), 76-9; *Letters,* II, 648.

[20] *Aids to Reflection* (Bohn Library, London, 1913), 268-9. Cf. Whitehead, *Science and the Modern World* (Cambridge, 1932), 69: "We must note its astounding efficiency as a system of concepts for the organization of scientific research. . . . And yet—it is quite unbelievable. . . . The paradox only arises because we have mistaken our abstraction for concrete realities." And on p. 80: "A further stage of provisional realism is required in which the scientific scheme is recast, and founded upon the ultimate concept of *organism."*

III

Our listing of these properties is greatly simplified, because Coleridge himself has described them for us. We need only turn to the many, but rather neglected, documents in which he analyses the nature of living things, beginning with a passage in a letter written at the age of twenty-four, two years before his first visit to Germany,[21] and culminating with his posthumously published *Theory of Life,* which includes various refinements from German *Natur-Philosophen* and from the discoveries and speculations of English "dynamic" physiologists such as Hunter, Saumarez, and Abernethey. To place passages from Coleridge's biology and criticism side by side is to reveal at once the extent to which basic concepts have migrated from one province into the other.

What, then, are the attributes of a plant, or of any living organism?

1. The plant begins with the seed. To Coleridge, this phenomenon demonstrates that the elementaristic principle is to be stood on its head: that the *whole* is primary and antecedent, and the *parts* merely secondary and derived. Thus:

> This crocus, for instance: or any other flower. . . . That the root, stem, leaves, petals, &c. cohere to one plant, is owing to an antecedent Power or Principle in the Seed, which existed before a single particle of the matters that constitute the *size* and visibility of the crocus, had been attracted from the surrounding soil, air, and moisture. Shall we turn to the seed? . . . An antecedent Unity . . . must here too be supposed.[22]

Hence, while an inorganic body "is nothing more than a collection of the individual parts," in an organic body, "the whole is everything, and the parts are nothing."[23]

2. The plant *grows.* "Productivity, or Growth," Coleridge says, is

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[21] *Letters,* I, 211-12; to John Thelwall, Dec. 31, 1796.

[22] *Aids to Reflection,* 40-1.

[23] *Table Talk,* 163; Dec. 18, 1831.

"the first power" of all living things, and it exhibits itself as "evolution and extension in the Plant."[24] A highly developed organismic theory of art, like Coleridge's, is remarkable for the extraordinary stress on this attribute of growth. (Plato and Aristotle had made only passing comparisons of a completed work of art to an animal body.[25]) Coleridge's interest is always genetic: in the process rather than the product; in becoming rather than (as in both classical and neo-classical theory) in being. That is why Coleridge cannot discuss a finished poem without gravitating into the mental process by which it has developed; this is what makes all his criticism so thoroughly psychological.[26]

3. Growing, the plant assimilates to its own homogeneous substance the foreign and disparate elements of earth, air, light, and water. "Lo!" cries Coleridge eloquently, "with the rising sun it commences its outward life and enters into open communion with all the elements, at once assimilating them to itself and to each other. . . . Lo!—at the touch of light how it returns an air akin to light, and yet with the same pulse effectuates its own secret growth, still contracting to fix what expanding it had refined."[27]

When Coleridge extends this property from plant to mind, he effects another revolution in associationist theory. For the images of sense, instead of merely re-combining into a product of mind, become the elements on which the mind feeds—elements which lose their identity in being assimilated to a new whole. "Events and images," he tells us, "the lively and spirit-stirring machinery of the external world, are like light, and air, and moisture, to the seed of the Mind. . . . The Mind must in turn assimilate and digest the food which it thus receives from without."[28] And ideas in the mind of the artist are therefore not replicas of sense, but seeds, germinal principles, growing on the soil of the memory of sense—"living and life-producing ideas," Coleridge calls them, "which . . . are essentially one with the germinal causes in nature."[29]

4. The plant evolves spontaneously from an internal source of energy—"effectuates," as Coleridge puts it, "its own secret growth"[30]—and organizes itself into its proper form; in contra-distinction to a machine, "the characteristic shape is evolved from the invisible central power."[31] Or again: in life, "the unity . . . is produced *ab intra,*" but in mechan-

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[24] Monologue on "Life" (*Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country,* XII, 1835, 495).

[25] See Plato, *Phaedrus* 264; Aristotle, *Poetics* 7.

[26] For the typical ex-orbital movement of Coleridge's criticism, see the passage in which he sets out to define a poem, and ends by defining "poetry in the strictest use of the word," in terms of the imaginative process of the poet (*Biographia Literaria,* II, 8-12).

[27] *Statesman's Manual,* 77; cf. *Aids to Reflection,* 267-8.

[28] *Treatise on Method,* ed. A. D. Snyder (London, 1934), 7.

[29] *Biographia Literaria,* II, 258-9; cf. *Statesman's Manual,* 25.

[30] *Statesman's Manual,* 77.

[31] *Aids to Reflection,* 267; Monologue on "Life," 494-5.

ism, *"ab extra."*[32] In this property of living things we find Coleridge's solution to the problem which, we remember, had worried associationists: how to explain the genesis of a new aesthetic design without a prior example in sense. By Coleridge's analysis, organic form is inherently teleological, so that, unlike an edifice of art, it requires no architect either to draw up the design or to superintend its construction. In art, exactly as in nature, he tells us, "the organic form . . . is innate; it shapes as it develops itself from within, and the fullness of its development is one and the same with the perfection of its outward form. Such is the life, such the form."[33]

Parenthetically, it may be pointed out that Coleridge resolved one dilemma only to run up against another. For even if the growth of a plant seems inherently purposeful, it is a purpose without choice, fated in the seed, and evolving into its final form without the intervention of consciousness. In theorists such as Schiller and Schelling, recourse to vegetable life as a model for the coming-into-being of a work of art had directly engendered the fateful concept that the truly creative process is to a large extent unwilled and unconscious. Carlyle was to go still farther and inform Englishmen that "in our inward, as in our outward world, what is mechanical lies open to us: not what is dynamical and has vitality," and that in poetry, as in morals, the great work must grow spontaneously because "the artificial is the conscious, mechanical; the natural is the unconscious, dynamical."[34] Coleridge, however, was determined to demonstrate precisely the contrary: that the will of the artist must inaugurate and superintend the creative process, and that in a great poet like Shakespeare the deliberate judgment is equal to his genius. "What the plant is by an act not its own and unconsciously," Coleridge exhorts us, "that must thou *make* thyself to become."[35] In Coleridge's aesthetics, as in his ethics and theology, the justification of free will is the crux—in part, at least, because it runs counter to an inherent tendency of the analogy to which he is committed.

5. The achieved structure of a plant is an organized one. In contradistinction to the combination of discrete elements in a machine, the parts

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[32] *Theory of Life,* 42.

[33] *Shakespearean Criticism,* I, 224. This is true of "free and rival originality," like that of Shakespeare, as against "lifeless mechanism" and "servile imitation," which merely copies existing works of art. The latter achieves only mechanic form; and that "form is mechanic when on any given material we impress a pre-determined form. . . ." (Pp. 223-4.)

[34] "Characteristics" (1831), *Works,* ed. E. H. Traill (London, 1896-9), XXVIII, 4, 13.

[35] *Statesman's Manual,* 76 (my italics). Here is a characteristic passage in which Coleridge tries to reconcile will and consciousness in a genius with the unwilled, self-determining, plant-like growth of his inventive process (*Shakespearean Criticism,* I, 224): "Nature, the prime genial artist, inexhaustible in diverse powers, is equally inexhaustible in forms. . . . And even such is the appropriate excellence of her chosen poet, of our own Shakespeare, himself a nature humanized, a genial understanding directing self-consciously a power and an implicit wisdom deeper than consciousness." Cf. *Biographia Literaria,* II, 19-20, 257-8; *Miscellaneous Criticism,* 88-9.

of a plant (from the simplest unit, in its tight integration and interchange with its neighbours, through the larger and more complex structures) seem related to each other, and to the plant as a whole in a multiple and peculiarly intimate way. For example, since existing parts themselves propagate new parts, the former stand to the latter in the relation of parent to progeny. Also, the part depends for its survival upon the whole; thus if a leaf is removed from its place on a plant, the leaf will die.

Attempts to define such peculiarities of living things, or the nature of "organic unity," are the special hall-mark of all organismic philosophies. Sometimes Coleridge defines organic relation on the model of Kant's famous formula in the *Teleological Judgment;* in Coleridge's version, the parts of a living whole are "so far interdependent that each is reciprocally means and end."[36] Or he formulates it in terms of the polar logic of thesis-antithesis-synthesis: the mechanic system "knows only of distance and nearness . . . the relations of unproductive particles to each other," whereas in life, "the two component counter-powers actually interpenetrate each other, and generate a higher third, including both the former, 'ita tamen ut sit alia et major.' "[37] Alternatively, Coleridge declares that in an organism the whole spreads undivided through all the parts. "The existence of all in each [is] the condition of Nature's unity and substantiality."[38]

These formulae, like the others, are transferred bodily to the organic products of the poetic mind. Poetry is one of the "living powers," and "a living body is of necessity an organized one,—and what is organization, but the connection of parts to a whole, so that each part is at once end and means!"[39] That function of the synthesis of contraries which is the "most general law" of life Coleridge clearly attributes, in the realm of mind, to the imagination—"that synthetic and magical power, to which we have exclusively appropriated the name of imagination," which "reveals itself in the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities: of sameness, with difference; of the general, with the concrete; the idea, with the image; the individual, with the representative. . . ."[40] To Coleridge, therefore, aesthetic or imaginative unity is not a mechanical juxtaposition, or even a neo-classic decorum of parts, but an organic unity; a living interchange of parts, the identity of which cannot survive their removal from the whole.

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[36] *Theory of Life,* 44.

[37] *Ibid.,* 63. G. E. Moore has unsympathetically characterized this standard organismic thesis: "Thus a 'teleological' relation is supposed to be a relation which alters the things it relates, so that it is not they, but some two other things which are related" ("Teleology," in *Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology,* ed. J. M. Baldwin, II, 666).

[38] *Theory of Life,* 58. Cf. Whitehead, *Science and the Modern World,* 114, 184-5.

[39] *Shakespearean Criticism,* I, 223.

[40] *Biographia Literaria,* II, 12.

IV

Coleridge, like his German predecessors and contemporaries, drew from biology various other critical concepts of first importance. In place of the neo-classic alternative between poetic rules and irregularity, or lawlessness, Coleridge proposed the antithesis of rules imposed from without and the inherent lawfulness of self-determining organic growth. Again, by transplanting the seed-idea from the mind of the poet to the collective mind of an era or a nation, he was able to apply organic categories to the phylogeny, as well as the ontogeny of art—both to the historical evolution of genres and national literatures and to the psychological genesis of a single work. One of these consequences I wish to summarize, in order to indicate how the new conceptual model operated not only in the description but in the evaluation of art—the discovery of organic qualities serving, *ipso facto,* as the criterion of the highest poetic excellence.

Despite Coleridge's intoxication with the alchemical change wrought in the universe by his organic analogy, he does not entirely deny the validity of the mechanical principle; it is false only because it does not tell the whole truth. Indeed, Coleridge's guiding maxim that truth lies in the reconciliation of apparent opposites (itself derived from the archetype of organism) made this conclusion irresistible. "Great good," he wrote in his notebook, "of such revolution as alters, not by exclusion, but by an enlargement that includes the former, though it places it in a new point of view."[41] Accordingly Coleridge utilizes in his thinking two controlling analogies, one of a machine, the other of a plant, and these divide the processes and products of art into two distinct kinds, and also into two orders of excellence. One result of this double view which we know already is his distinction between the mechanical fancy and the organic imagination. Here is another instance: again and again Coleridge uses his bifocal lens to discriminate two modes of poetry. One kind exhibits organic qualities, and is therefore the work of genius; its major instances are the writings of Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth. The other can be adequately accounted for in mechanical terms; hence it is the work of talent, and stands in a rank somewhere below the highest; its examples are such products as those of Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and Pope. "The plays of B [eaumont] and F [letcher]," Coleridge says, "are mere aggregations without unity; in the Shakespearian drama there is a vitality which grows and evolves itself from within."[42] Similarly, Ben Jonson's work "is the produce of an amassing power in the author, and not of a growth from within."[43] And to conclude, here is a passage which epitomizes the analogical procedure in Coleridge's mature criticism. The lesser Elizabethans, he tells us, merely took objects available to sense and assembled them into new combinations of discrete parts. "What had a grammatical and logical consistency for the ear, what could be put together and represented to the eye, these poets took from the ear and eye, unchecked by any intuition of an inward impossibility, just as a man might fit together a quarter of an orange, a quarter of an apple, and the like of a lemon and of a pomegranate, and make it look like one round diverse colored fruit." Against this Coleridge opposes the process of organic growth: "But nature, who works from within by evolution and assimilation according to a law, cannot do it." Immediately, these concepts of seed, evolution, assimilation, and biological law are transferred from nature to the poetic mind: "Nor could Shakespeare, for he too worked in the spirit of nature, by evolving the germ within by the imaginative power according to an idea—for as the power of seeing is to light, so is an idea in the mind to a law in nature."[44]

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[41] *Anima Poetae,* 142-3. In *Biographia Literaria,* I, 169-70, he holds that "a true philosophy" would collect the fragments of truth from all existing systems, including the mechanical, all "united in one perspective central point."

[42] *Miscellaneous Criticism,* 44, note.

[43] *Ibid.,* 47.

I need not labour the point that biological terms—"seed," "growth," "assimilate," "organic relations," "organic unity"—have become part of the hereditary vocabulary of post-romantic criticism. Today these metaphors have faded and are often used side by side with quite alien terms, the detritus of other once vital analogies which generated their divers insights into the nature of poetry, and of reality. To detect and expound the role of what (appropriating one of Coleridge's favorite biological adjectives) we may call these seminal analogies, would seem one important function of the historian of criticism, and also, of the general historian of ideas.

[44] *Ibid.,* 42-3.

THOMAS GARRIGUE MASARYK: PHILOSOPHER IN ACTION

S. Harrison Thomson

THERE is no man in the history of our modern civilization who better exemplifies the ideal of Plato's philosopher-king than Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, first President of the Czechoslovak Republic. So cautious a judge of personalities as George Bernard Shaw remarked of him that he was the only man capable of being the President of a United States of Europe. He has been called the wisest and greatest European of this century and there are few if any who dispute that judgment. Yet he came from one of the smaller and almost unknown peoples of Europe. The greater powers offer their statesmen a broader field on which to display their talents, and we are accustomed to accept the size of their role as an index of the excellence of performer and performance. But size is not quality, and history ultimately judges quality. Fifth-century Greece was small, even in its own day, but it produced men and ideas, a society, and a culture we humbly envy and respect today.

And so, I venture to say, will this one man—the founder and head of a small state which is sometimes called an "artificial" state, without a sea coast, at the mercy of stronger neighbours for centuries—come to be regarded as the leading mind and character of a whole epoch. And it is more than likely that his renown will increase with the passing of time.

Masaryk has been the subject of dozens of full-size biographies, by Czechs, Slovaks, Germans, Yugoslavs, Russians, Poles, Frenchmen, Britons, and Americans. I should judge that several thousand articles, in many languages, have been published on numerous aspects of his life and thought. Perusing such a bibliography of works about him, one cannot but be struck by the suggestive fact that one man has been able to challenge the interest and admiration, and of course sometimes the sharp opposition, of so many learned men.

The very simplicity of his origins might provide a key to his greatness. His father was a Slovak coachman on one of the royal estates in Moravia, and his mother was a Moravian of equally humble family. In later life Masaryk gave almost all the credit for his ambition to learn to his mother. He went as far as the family poverty would allow in local schools, was apprenticed at thirteen to a locksmith and at fourteen to a blacksmith. He was not satisfied and by sheer determination found ways and means to attend and graduate from the University of Vienna, then the leading centre of learning in the vast Austro-Hungarian Empire. He wrote his doctoral thesis in 1876 on "Plato on Immortality"—which he later burnt, a fitting fate for many doctoral theses. He had already read voraciously in German, English, French, and Russian literature and philosophy, and was, without being conscious of it, preparing himself for his later and world-wide work. The next year he met Miss Charlotte Garrigue, an American studying music in Leipzig. Their marriage in 1878 was to be of great importance for his development. Her fine mind and noble spirit opened new vistas to him, particularly through her understanding of the best in the American and English literary and philosophical tradition. As he sums it up, "my marriage completed my education." For several years thereafter he was Instructor (*Dozent*) at the University of Vienna, living on a very narrow margin. It was in this period of his life that he published a serious study on *Suicide as a Social Phenomenon of Modern Civilization.* It aroused considerable discussion and was variously misunderstood. He was frequently accused, in the midst of some of the bitter polemics in which he became involved, and particularly by the conservative clergy, of advocating suicide. Nothing could have been farther from his mind, nor more typical of the wilful misunderstandings to which his analytical and scientific approach to important questions exposed him.

In the meantime, in Prague, then only the provincial capital of Bohemia, the Czech nationalists had wrung a concession from the Ministry of Education, and the University of Prague, until then completely German in language and administration, had been divided into two, a German and a Czech university. The young Masaryk was called from Vienna, where he had been lecturing and writing in German, to the Czech university as Professor Extraordinary (approximately Assistant Professor) of Philosophy. He would have preferred the field of sociology, but that was far too advanced for the time and place. He proceeded to take editorial liberties with the term philosophy, and presented his sociological doctrines under the guise of philosophy. He was not at home in Prague, and had indeed been reluctant to leave Vienna to which he had got accustomed, but, as he often remarked, almost every important step in his life had been taken reluctantly. Of his embattled life as a professor and public figure in Prague we shall have more to say in another connection. But almost from the beginning he became a storm centre. He was surprised by the attacks upon him. He was only trying to get to the truth and to further an understanding on the part of his students and the wider circle of cultured people in Bohemia of the issues facing Western civilization in general and the Czech nation in particular. He was one of those men whom other people either adore and follow or hate and attempt to obstruct. Consequently the promotion to the rank of full Professor (*Professor Ordinarius*), which had been promised him at the end of three years, was held up for thirteen years. In the meantime he had founded several periodicals, gone to parliament as a deputy for the Young Czech party, published a number of popular as well as recondite books, and a great number of pamphlets and articles, touching upon every phase of national life, society, politics, education, religion, national aspirations, literature, aesthetics, and science. He had been to Russia and studied her culture at first hand. He had also become involved in several *causes célèbres,* again reluctantly, but as always in pursuit of truth and justice. These controversies had echoes outside the bounds of the Empire. Before his fiftieth year, by 1900, he was well known throughout the Empire as the philosopher of the new Czech "Realism"—a term by which he meant to convey an idea of individual and national honesty and simplicity. Students from all over the Empire, and particularly from the various Slavic peoples under Hapsburg rule—Croats, Serbs, Slovenes, Bulgars, Slovaks—had come to Prague to study at the leading Slav university, and had been stimulated and heartened by Masaryk's teaching and spirit. They had naturally spread his name and doctrines upon return to their native provinces.

In intellectual circles in Prague, the fashion of the eighties and nineties was that of admiration for German learning and thought. It was certainly the age of the flowering of German scholarship. German philosophers—Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Schelling, Vogt, and their "liberal" satellites and followers—were studied, discussed, and commented upon as the last word and final authority. But Masaryk insisted that there were other and sometimes more profitable trends of thought than these, and he presented philosophers of the French and English traditions: Descartes, Pascal, Comte, Bacon, Hume, Locke, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer, all of whom he read and absorbed with critical appreciation. Each of these men seemed to represent an honest approach to truth and demanded to be studied by one who would comprehend and build a total culture. This broad and international approach explains Masaryk's Europe-wide vision, as well as, in some degree, the attacks to which he was subjected by colleagues of narrower and less venturesome mind.

Of the many controversies in which he was reluctantly engaged while a professor at Prague, three of the more dramatic will show something of the character and motivation of the man. The first is the case of the manuscripts. In 1818, over sixty years before Masaryk came to Prague, two manuscripts were "discovered" by a patriotic and romantic Czech scholar They purported to be from the early thirteenth century and to demonstrate that then and formerly these western Slavs had a culture higher than their German neighbours. Though a few doubted their authenticity, they were generally accepted for decades. Patriotism, particularly sensitive when the Czechs were living under the Hapsburg rule, demanded that the people have something from the past to offset and minimize their humiliating present. But a few voices were again raised against the acceptance of the manuscripts, and Masaryk was drawn into the dispute. It seems that some of the polemics had appeared in the *Athenaeum,* a publication which he had founded and continued to edit. "To me," he says, "the question of the manuscripts was first and foremost a moral question. If they were forgeries we must confess it before the whole world. Our pride, our culture, cannot be based on a lie. Besides, we could not truly get to know our own real history while we were obsessed by a fancied past. The case seemed perfectly obvious to me." He was called traitor, a paid agent of the Germans, and much else. Former friends deserted and reviled him. But after profound and open-minded study of the records he was convinced he was right, and for him that was the end of the story. It tooks years for the furore and the enmities to die down.

A second typical battle was the Hilsner case, which almost cost Masaryk the influence he had worked so hard to earn among the Czech people. In 1899 a young Jew, Hilsner by name, was accused of murdering a Czech girl and using her blood for ritualistic purposes. Public opinion rose to fever heat and outbursts of uncontrolled anti-Semitism were common. Hilsner was convicted after a hurried trial and sentenced to death, a sentence later commuted to life imprisonment. Masaryk did not accept the thesis of the ritualistic murder, and was ashamed of his countrymen for being so unreasoningly panicked by a mob psychosis. In the columns of his own periodical *Cas* and in as many others as would publish his communications, he examined the evidence and showed the lack of factual basis or legal justification for the verdict. Again, going counter to a popular and temporary fancy which was crystallized in the heat of anger, he was reviled and misrepresented, and even some of his students turned against him. It became so serious that at one time he packed his belongings preparatory to leaving the country. But he faced angry mobs and cat-calling student demonstrations, on several occasions fomented by the clergy, proclaiming his convictions that anti-Semitism was a disgrace to the Czech people and a national evil, and that he was defending the cause of truth, which would in the end honour the people who stood loyal to it. Only two professors had sufficient courage to condemn the cruel treatment Masaryk had received and to defend his right to get to the truth. Again it was years before the slanders were forgotten, and as late as 1914 rumours of his being in German pay were being maliciously circulated. There is a Czech proverb that says: "Lies have short legs." It might equally well be said, certainly in the case of Masaryk: "Lies have long lives."

The third *cause célèbre* was the Zagreb treason trial and the related Friedjung libel case. This incident has received rather more publicity in the West than other events of Masaryk's life, by reason of its having been thoroughly reported to the British people by R. W. Seton-Watson and by Wickham Steed, then Central European correspondent of the London *Times* and author of a serious study of the Hapsburg monarchy. Austria's desire to punish Serbia for opposing the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina in 1908 led Count Aehrenthal, Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, to accuse Austrian Serbs of treason. By January 1, 1909, fifty-three such South Slavs, subjects of Austria-Hungary, were in jail on charges of high treason. The trial was grotesque, even on those rare occasions when the presiding judge was sober. To make it worse, a renowned Viennese historian, Dr. Heinrich Friedjung, published an article defending the government's position and citing allegedly incriminating documents upon which he based his judgments. Masaryk, several of whose former students were among the fifty-three accused, had gone to some of the sessions of the trial, and had, on his own initiative and at his own expense, travelled to Serbia and done much investigation. He was able to gather evidence that convinced him that Friedjung's documents were forgeries. He made a speech on the floor of parliament, of which he was then a member, expressing his point of view before the judgment of the world. Thereupon one of the judges in the case denounced Masaryk as "a scoundrel, guttersnipe, a felon, an upstart, the scum of the earth." After this exchange of courtesies the majority of the accused were found guilty. Professor Friedjung, a naïve tool of the Foreign Office, was sued for libel by the Slavic cultural organization which had been accused of fathering the alleged conspiracy, with neutral results. But Masaryk was not through. Further evidence came into his hands, as to where and when the forgeries were concocted and photographed, and Masaryk openly charged the Austro-Hungarian minister in Belgrade, Count Forgách, with the whole scheme. But the scandal reached even higher. Masaryk also charged that the Foreign Minister himself, Count Aehrenthal, was guilty of complicity in the plot, and forced him from one admission to another until in March, 1911 Aehrenthal took a vacation, never to return to office. A professor of philosophy had proven to the world something that even the Austro-Hungarian armies and inept diplomacy had been unable to make clear—that the Hapsburg "monarchy had lost whatever inner virtue it may once have possessed." He had also demonstrated what was meant by Czech "realism"—quite the opposite of the sinister if apparently successful "Realpolitik"—that in the hands of honest, intelligent, and determined men, the ideals of truth and justice will bear positive fruit.

In the few short years till the outbreak of the First World War, Masaryk's influence among forward-looking Czechs and Slovaks grew. His efforts to persuade the Vienna government to modify its short-sighted policies in such a way as to unite and solidify the Empire by giving the minority peoples an enlightened government were fruitless. In the midst of these troubled events he finished his memorable study, on *The Spirit of Russia,* which remains to this day the most penetrating study written on the complex of thought, inspiration, myth, prejudice, and mysticism that confuses and confounds the rest of the world. No Russian could have written such a work. Only a scholar of wide and deep reading and understanding, firmly rooted in Christian thought, of East and of West, familiar for decades with Russian thought and life, could have assayed so critically and yet so sympathetically the congeries of paradoxes that is Russia.

The outbreak of hostilities in 1914 found him prepared in mind and will. His analysis of political history and actualities had convinced him that the ramshackle edifice of the Hapsburg Empire, standing for almost a thousand years, had to come down, and that in its stead there should rise new national structures, built according to both rational and idealistic plans. The story of his personal odyssey—a superannuated professor of philosophy, as he said of himself with a twinkle in his eye—aided by the young Edvard Benes, to the capitals of the Allies, Paris, Rome, London, then to Russia to organize Czechoslovak legions and get them, in good order, out of a Russia seething in revolution, across Siberia, the Pacific, and to the Western Front; the proclamation of Czechoslovak unity and independence in historic Independence Hall in Philadelphia; his return to his beloved land as President: these facts are well known and their import fairly well grasped. But what is perhaps not so well understood is that he looked upon the precarious struggle for independence and the future opening out before the republic of which he was the principal founder in a purely moral light. In his mind the struggle had been from the beginning one for moral values; the essence of the future was also a matter of the maintenance of justice, forbearance, and honour. He was sixty-eight years old when he returned to be the first president of the Czechoslovak Republic.

He was thereafter elected three times to the presidency, but resigned in 1935 in favour of his younger colleague, Edvard Benes, who had until that time been Minister of Foreign Affairs, and had, by his work at Geneva and over the whole range of international affairs, made the name of Czechoslovakia synonymous with conciliation and reason in the realm of relations between nations and peoples. Masaryk sensed that a critical storm was ahead and that younger hands should guide the ship of state. Through his seventeen years as President he carried out to the full his principles of openness, dignity, complete honesty, tolerance, and simplicity. Those years constitute a saga in their even course, unparalleled in modern history. Hitler's creatures had orders, on taking over the land of Masaryk and Benes, to violate, destroy, or obliterate the monuments and names of these men. Little did these vandals realize that they were adding to the glory of their victims, and making the brightness of their memories forever ineffaceable.

I have used the paradoxical title, the "philosopher in action." The usual connotation of the term "philosopher" is that of the disembodied intellect, secure in its isolation from the common things of life, dealing with distant and abstract ideas, building an esoteric system which only a select few can understand, and which of course no one would dare to sully or degrade by putting into practice. At rare moments in history some genius has lived a philosophy, or the livable implications of his thought have seeped over into one or more compartments of human life. But these are indeed rare moments and rare men. Masaryk is undoubtedly this phenomenon in our modern times. A trained and astute philosopher, the discipline was never to him an end in itself. He had studied closely and critically all the philosophical systems from Plato to those of his contemporaries. From each he learned; none did he accept slavishly. Each he tried to see as a step in the progress of humanity; each he felt free to analyse, criticize, and in part reject. Many he found wanting in consistency, in breadth, or in proper and scientific evaluation of human realities. Quite conscious of what he was doing, or rather refraining from doing, he built no philosophical system, in the manner of Spinoza, or Hegel, or even Comte whom he admired greatly. In histories of philosophy, which lean to elaborate descriptions of intricate systems of metaphysics, Masaryk will not occupy a large place. He had rejected that dubious honour quite willingly. He had come to feel that all systems had been to a degree fabrications which, by their very nature, were fated to fall from lack of correspondence to the realities of human life and thought. He was accused of being too rational, too logical, too scornful of intuition and emotion, too anxious to throw out anything that could not be demonstrated scientifically. But his detractors did not judge him fairly.

He fought constantly against what he called "myths." What precisely did he mean by "myth"? He called myth not only such things as heathen demonology, but anything which is accepted without question or examination, simply because it has long been believed to be true. To him much of Christian theology was myth, but there were other myths equally or more serious—in politics, for example, the divine right of kings, or in society, the concept of the natural subordination of one "class" to another, or the Marxian doctrine that the economic motivation is the sole reason for human progress. It is easy to see that vested interests, whether in the church, in politics, or in the broader tableau of society, would instinctively combat any such subversive doctrine. The Catholic clergy in Austria did in fact fight him bitterly, and at one point 309 Catholic clerics accused him of blasphemy. Yet, in his own words, religion was the kernel of all life: "The religious question is the only one I know of." He regarded himself as a layman in religion, but he certainly felt religion was too significant to be left to "constricted denominations." It must be de-ecclesiasticized. Whether one agrees—and many in his own time did not—the grandeur of his vision of what religion should mean to a culture cannot be gainsaid.

This radical approach to the religious question serves to illustrate the unity of his nature and his conviction that the greatest practicality eventually lies in the most searching and theoretical analysis of principles. Here again we come to a matter touched upon already in this paper. He put forward no formal system of thought, precisely because he saw the terms of reference to be man and his life and growth. Man is the framework for rational analysis within all the categories of our thought. He had indeed criticized other systems for reversing the order and building a system into which man would be forced to fit. To Masaryk, any systematization of man's thought must fit into the framework of the humanity from which it properly stems. Any artificial system of metaphysics may easily extend, and has frequently extended in the past, beyond or outside that nature-imposed framework. To that degree therefore it is false and useless, even misleading. All of Masaryk's most penetrating thought thus was concerned with the manifestations of man's nature throughout the ages—in art, science, religion, literature, society, and politics. His insistence upon the simple framework of humanity for any philosophy is, I submit, a revolution in thought which has received less attention than it deserves. To the student of philosophy of his time, influenced by German thought and life at the end of the nineteenth and in the early years of the twentieth centuries, the novelty of such an approach was at the very least shockingly revolutionary. It must obviously be admitted that any ultimate judgment as to the validity of his thesis will depend upon our considered evaluation, and posterity's, of Masaryk's accuracy in estimating just what that framework is.

It would be natural to expect such an emphasis on man to eventuate in a dynamic concept of society. And Masaryk must be regarded as one of the pioneer sociologists. But in using the term "sociologist" one should perhaps emphasize that to the European it was an even more comprehensive term than it is understood to be on this side of the Atlantic. There sooner than here the need was realized for a synthesis of human knowledge and the manifold expression of man's energies and aspirations, his frictions and frustrations. Earlier than in the Anglo-Saxon areas, it was seen that the great increase in the world's population and the great advances in techniques and mechanics made it necessary to reach behind and beneath the outward diversity and apparent confusion to grasp and establish an inward unity, lest the whole structure crash and destroy all mankind. Masaryk's whole thought and effort were directed to this end.

His first study, that on suicide as a social phenomenon, reached into many aspects of social life, viewed historically and analytically, and showed the early breadth of his interests and observations. He later subjected current sociological thought to penetrating analysis. In his *The Social Question* (1898) he examined closely the thought of Marx, with whose interest in the welfare of the common man Masaryk was deeply sympathetic. But Masaryk found Marx's basic thesis that the masses *alone* possess political rights and wisdom unacceptable. To Masaryk the individual is an end in himself. He may not be regarded as a means by any element in the social structure. He possesses his own moral and political rights, quite apart from the state and any social framework as such. But a corollary of individualism is inequality, demonstrable quite scientifically as a matter of cold fact. Masaryk's own experience had certainly proven to him that the masses were more often wrong than right and that it took them a long time to grasp political or social truth. They were badly in need of careful and scientific education. On many occasions he pointed out that the whole programme of bringing justice and order into society could founder on the single rock of the inadequate education of the masses to exercise the rational control of their power and the proper direction of their own future. It should under no conditions be deduced that Masaryk was in a degree anti-democratic. Quite the contrary. It was a case rather of his launching an appeal from the people badly informed and badly led to the people to be better informed. In the cases of the manuscripts and the Hilsner ritual-murder trial he had had to stand alone against the people. He had been right and the people wrong, and he knew it from the beginning. Masaryk further criticized Marx's dogma of a struggle between the classes—bourgeoisie against the proletariat—by insisting that it would not stand historical investigation. He points out that, properly speaking, the bourgeoisie does not really exist as a class any more than does the proletariat, but that both are composite, non-homogeneous resultants, and resultants in flux at any given moment. Masaryk also differed sharply from Marx on the important matter of the ideal of labour. To Marx physical labour was a good in itself and hence the labouring class exemplified that ideal good. The labouring class was therefore the ideal class. It was not difficult to show that this formula oversimplified and in a degree falsified actuality. Masaryk observed that, so far as he had been able to see, the workers seldom work simply because they revere the ideal of labour. They work in order to live. It is philosophically as well as morally unsound to exalt a necessity reluctantly accepted into a categorical ideal. Labour is not an ultimate end; it is only a means. Ultimate aims are of a moral, not an economic, order.

His views on two other social questions may be mentioned briefly. He thought of anti-Semitism as less a Jewish question than a Christian question, which it is more important for Christian society to solve for its own salvation than it is for the Jews. He was also a strong but not fanatical supporter of anti-alcoholism: in his early years as President he served no alcohol to his guests; in later years he resignedly remarked that he found it difficult to prevent free men from making fools of themselves if they insisted. He recognized that in society not all individuals are equal. There are strong and weak characters, and the strong have to help the weak simply because their strength imposes the obligation upon them. Indeed the historic struggles for civil rights, for religious liberty, against slavery, and, on a larger stage, for the rights of nations, are all part and parcel of the struggle to fortify the weak so that they may aspire to be equal to the strong. As an individual is strong, not by physical strength, but by a knowledge and reliance on truth, by a clear conscience, by self-control and the conquest of fear, so, by simple extension, is that people strong which is strong in the right and in devotion to the truth. This is, again, the "realism" he preached to the Czech and Slovak nation, while it was still politically a subject people and after it gained its independence and he became its leader.

Masaryk was a pioneer and an inspiring leader in the fields of philosophical criticism, social thought, and political morality. But he is even better known as the philosopher of democracy. One does not attain such a position of recognized eminence without long preparation and sustained self-discipline, or, and indeed principally, without experience in the actual functioning of the machinery by which the people (the "demos" of democracy) endeavour to develop their just rights and aspirations. Masaryk had all this background. Sprung from the humbler strata of the people, he had by himself climbed through the intervening and discouraging layers to a position of personal eminence and influence. He had done so without losing his appreciation of the unvoiced yearnings of the people whence he had come. He had added to that appreciation sensitive reflection, deep understanding, and an accurate estimate of the ultimate value to society and progress of the concrete expression of those yearnings. His reflection was fed by his participation in public affairs and by further study of the traditions of his own people.

The Czech and Slovak peoples have a spiritual tradition which may be regarded as unique among the peoples of Europe, whether Slavic or non-Slavic. Whereas the heroes of most of the peoples of Europe are their great conquerors—Charlemagne, Napoleon, Frederick Barbarossa, Frederick the Great, Gustavus Adolphus, Peter the Great—the heroes of the Czechs and Slovaks are men of sensitive heart and mind. Their greatest is John Hus, a religious reformer, a lover of the truth, or Chelcicky, a mystic and a pacifist, or Kollár, a poet who would fain have led his Slovak people to glory by the path of spiritual grandeur, or Palacky, the historian whose whole life was devoted to showing the Czech people that they had been great when they had been Christian, or Havlicek, a fervid and courageous journalist who taught his people to believe that they could regain their pristine greatness if they morally deserved it. This tradition was Masaryk's inspiration. He was proud to count himself its continuer. He continually urged the Czechs and Slovaks to reach out to claim that heritage.

There is no democracy in a vacuum. Nor does one begin the democratic pilgrimage by first being a citizen of the world, then by gradual and cautious steps descending to one's own country. Democracy, with all its difficult and complex adjustments to the realities of human institutions, pride, and pettiness, begins at home. That is precisely what Masaryk knew. He planned his life and his gospel accordingly. His thought and teaching began with the individual, thereafter proceeded through the problems and crises with which the individual has to wrestle—religion, education, political pressures, his freedoms, and his obligations to his fellows and the state. In the course of Masaryk's life, in pursuance of his awareness of the pressing immediacy to the individual of these many problems, he discussed them all: work, the family, the social question, the position of women in the modern world, religion in its manifold formal manifestations, the purposes and function of education in a democracy, art, the press, militarism and democratic military preparedness, the relations of employer to employee, of private citizen to government, of minority to majority ethnic groups within a state, and the ultimate essence of the state itself. Through all his presentations and analyses there runs one dominant note, never at any time far from his thought, that "democracy is a complete outlook on the world and life, a special way of regarding the universe and life." Democracy was not restricted in its implications and applications to political structure and organization nor yet even to individual life. It was much broader, a whole culture in itself. It was by reason of this comprehensive concept that Masaryk was able to resolve some of the paradoxes of democracy when taken, as it usually is, as a political type of organism only: the paradox of militarism or compulsory military training, of a capitalistic industrialized economy, or the anomaly of the situation in which false leaders can seize power by misuse of the opportunities for persuasion of the people. In a democracy experts and bureaucrats are still necessary, precisely because the common man may not be capable, or indeed may not be desirous, of exercising governmental functions. Masaryk, insisting upon the moral basis for all human action, does not admit that there is anything in these paradoxes that vitiates the essence of the democratic philosophy. The rights and responsibilities of the individual remain untouched. Practical questions of techniques and administrative correlations are certain to arise. Their proper solution depends upon an honest approach and a scientific methodology. These in turn can be assured by adequate education and a requisite moral sense in the leaders. That approach will succeed as no other ever has.

It will certainly be objected that this is a pretty scheme and should certainly be committed to paper, but it is contrary to human nature and experience. But one can hear Masaryk's answer to that without having to depend upon the imagination. There is first the actual republic of which he was the head. It had a scant twenty years of existence. Yet in that time, with the many faults of which Masaryk was perhaps more conscious than any other, it went farther toward the goals he set in his philosophy of life than any other state in our Western political history. We cannot in fairness demand more than that of a people. They were showing the real effectiveness of the ideal, proving, as good pupils, the rightness of their teacher's precepts and justifying his faith in them. He set before them a goal, still distant at his death, but yet nearer than when he accepted the burden of leadership. It was the goal of a good society, based on equality, fraternal love and respect, and the Christian standard of justice and morality. This is what he meant when he gave as his testament to his people the short motto: "Jesus, not Caesar."

A few years before his death, he summed up his life's work in a short paragraph, which should be carefully read and pondered in the light of his life, his struggles, his aims and ideals, and his achievements:

> You ask me what I consider as the culminating point of my life; I would say my election to the presidency and the fact that I am able to shoulder this burden as a great honour and an equally solemn duty. My personal satisfaction, if I may call it so, lies deeper: for as the head of the State I relinquish nothing that I believed in and loved as a penniless student, a carping critic, a reforming politician; occupying a position of power, I do not seek for myself any other moral law or relationship to my fellow men, to the nation, and the world than those which guided me before. I may say that office confirms and completes everything that I have believed, so that I have not needed to change one item of my faith in humanity and in democracy, in the search for truth, nor in the supreme moral and religious command to love men. I can still affirm from experience which I am continually acquiring, that the same moral and ethical rule applies to the State, and those who administer it, as to the individual. This does not spring from satifaction that through all my life, with its strange vicissitudes and changes, I have remained myself; it is more important that the human and social ideals which I confessed have endured and become acknowledged through all those trials. I can tell myself that in that incessant struggle for a better nation and people I was on the right side. That conviction is enough to make a man's life beautiful and happy.[1]

[1] Karel Capek, *President Masaryk Tells His Story* (New York, 1935), pp. 301-2.

HENRY JAMES AND *THE OUTCRY*[1]

LEON EDEL

EARLY in 1909 the American producer, Charles Frohman, began to lay plans for a repertory season in London at the Duke of York's Theatre. The moving spirit behind the plan was J. M. Barrie. He enlisted the aid of those men who had contributed to the success of the repertory movement in England which, even before the turn of the century, had begun to breathe new life into the British stage.[2] Harley Granville-Barker, whose management with John E. Vedrenne of the Court Theatre had played an eminent role in establishing the reputation of Bernard Shaw and had introduced several new playwrights to the British public (including Granville-Barker himself), joined their ranks. They engaged the discriminating services of Allan Wade, who had worked with Granville-Barker and, at the moment, was in charge of the Abbey Theatre's season in London. Shaw, John Galsworthy, Somerset Maugham, John Masefield, and Henry James were invited to write plays. Shaw wrote *Misalliance,* Galsworthy *Justice,* Henry James *The Outcry,* while Granville-Barker contributed *The Madras House.* Barrie wrote two one-act plays, *The Twelve-Pound Look* and *Old Friends,* and arranged George Meredith's unfinished comedy, *The Sentimentalists,* for the stage.

Frohman, in announcing the season, said that "whatever it accomplishes, it will represent the combined resources of actor and playwright, working with each other, a combination that seems to me to represent the most necessary foundation of any theatrical success."

James had tried to succeed as a dramatist during the eighteen-nineties, devoting five years to writing for the stage, and then in 1895, upon the failure of *Guy Domville,* had returned to his novelist's study. He emerged now to find conditions in the theatre considerably changed. He was dealing, this time, not with a "managerial abyss" as he had complained during his earlier ventures, but with fellow-craftsmen who appreciated his work and who were imbued with the same high ideals as his own for the British stage. He had met Harley Granville-Barker at the home of H. G. Wells and had been captivated by the personality of the young actor-manager, who, with all his histrionic gifts, was also a skilled director and playwright. Barrie, Galsworthy, and Shaw were by this time well established on the stage. They drew James into their fellowship. He moved now, for the first time, in a veritable fraternity of dramatists and he found himself drawn, at this moment, into a very special "outcry" which these playwrights were raising over the British censorship of plays.

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[1] This article has been expanded from prefatory material in *The Complete Plays of Henry James,* edited by Leon Edel, to be published October, 1949 by J. B. Lippincott Company. *The Outcry* was never published during James's lifetime as a play, and will be published in this volume for the first time.

[2] P. P. Howe has told the story of the rise of repertory in *The Repertory Theatre* (London, 1910). See also Irving Zucker, *Le Court Théâtre (1904-1914) et l'évolution du théâtre anglais contemporain* (Paris, 1931), and *Charles Frohman: Manager and Man,* by Isaac F. Marcosson and Daniel Frohman (London, 1926).

James joined in this outcry with spirit. There was sitting, during the summer of 1909, a Joint Select Committee of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, hearing evidence of playwrights, men of letters, actors, and managers, as well as critics, in connection with the activities of the Lord Chamberlain, whose authority to license plays gave him full authority to judge—and to suppress—works of art. James had been one of the signers of a protest in 1907 against the refusal of the Lord Chamberlain to license one of Edward Garnett's plays, *The Breaking Point*. Earlier, Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* had fallen under the censor's axe, and now Granville-Barker's *Waste* had suffered a similar fate, together with two other Shaw plays, *The Showing up of Blanco Posnet* and *Press Cuttings*. There is a rare newspaper photograph of James,[3] in top hat, a massive figure beside the diminutive Barrie, arriving to attend one of the hearings. It was Galsworthy who read a letter from James into the official record during his evidence on August 12, 1909. James spoke out in terms that deserve resurrection from the official Blue Book in which they have been buried all these years:

> I answer your appeal on the censor question to the best of my small ability. I *do* consider that the situation made by the Englishman of letters ambitious of writing for the stage has less dignity—thanks to the Censor's arbitrary rights upon his work—than that of any other man of letters in Europe, and that this fact may well be, or rather *must* be, deterrent to men of any intellectual independence and self-respect. I think this circumstance represents accordingly an impoverishment of our theatre; and it tends to deprive it of intellectual life, of the *importance* to which a free choice of subjects and illustrations directly ministers, and to confine it to the trivial and the puerile. It is difficult to express the depth of dismay and disgust with which an author of books in this country finds it impressed upon him, in passing into the province of the theatre with the view of laboring there, that he has to reckon anxiously with an obscure and irresponsible Mr. So-and-so, who may by law peremptorily demand of him that he shall make his own work square, at vital points, with Mr. So-and-so's personal and, intellectually and critically speaking, wholly unauthoritative preferences, prejudices and ignorances, and that the less original, the less important and the less interesting it is, and the more vulgar and superficial and futile, the more it is likely so to square. He thus encounters an arrogation of critical authority and the critical veto, with the power to enforce its decisions, that is without a parallel in any other civilized country and which has in this one the effect of relegating the theatre to the position of a mean minor art, and of condemning it to ignoble dependences, poverties and pusillanimities. We rub our eyes, we writers accustomed to freedom in all other walks, to think that this cause has still to be argued in England.[4]

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[3] The photograph was reproduced in the *Century Magazine,* LXXXVIII, October, 1914, 813.

[4] *Report from the Joint Select Committee of the House of Lords and the House of Commons on the Stage Plays (Censorship); together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendices* (printed for His Majesty's Stationery

There was thus a very real "outcry" in progress when James settled down that autumn to write his play about an American art collector's attempt to raid British treasures. It is not so curious a theme for James to have chosen as might be supposed; he had from far back witnessed the raids of wealthy Americans—such as Mrs. John L. Gardner of Boston—on the art riches of the Continent. In a note of July 15, 1895, he speaks of "the age of Mrs. Jack," as he familiarly called Mrs. Gardner, and refers to "the Americans looming up—dim, vast, portentous—in their millions—like gathering waves—the barbarians of the Roman Empire."[5] There is a similar thought in the play in which the Americans are likened to a "conquering horde" armed with check books. In a sense his theme for *The Outcry* was the reverse of that of his earlier play, *The High Bid*.[6] In that play an American woman appears, more British than the British, to alert them against sacrificing their heritage; in *The Outcry* the voices are raised by Britons against the indifference of their fellow-countrymen who would allow their heritage to be carried off, piece by piece, by outsiders. The American, Breckenridge Bender, determined to purchase the British-owned painting, is a hard-headed and somewhat predatory Christopher Newman, not unfavourably drawn, neither villain nor hero, but a force and a Check Book to be reckoned with. James himself saw in the theme a "larger morality"—the degree in which owners of precious works of art "hold them in trust . . . for the nation, and may themselves, as lax guardians, be held to account by public opinion."[7]

James began to work on the play during the early autumn of 1909. By that time he had drawn up a scenario and he wrote to Granville-Barker on October 16, 1909:

> . . . I can't, all the same, deny myself the pleasure of telling you that I feel myself really to be getting on with *The Outcry* (if you'll kindly not mention the title!)—the three-act comedy that I, a few months since, acceded to Barrie's or Frohman's invitation, which you conveyed to me, to undertake. I have worked at it with great intensity and interest. I have got hold of it, I think, or it of me; but I shall need a small number of weeks more to finish it. I shall then communicate it to you at the earliest date. . . .[8]

He was in London in December working strenuously in his rooms at the Reform Club, sending great batches of manuscript to Lamb House,

Office, 1909). Henry James's letter to Galsworthy appears on p. 128. A digest of the report is contained in *The Censor and the Theatres* by John Palmer (New York, 1913). James's letter, with a few minor errors in transcription, appears on pp. 211-13.

[5] *Notebooks of Henry James,* ed. Matthiessen and Murdock (New York, 1947), 207.

[6] *The High Bid* was written shortly before *The Outcry,* based upon the short story "Covering End" in James's *The Two Magics* (New York, 1898), which had originally been a one-act play called *Summersoft* written for Ellen Terry. *The High Bid* was produced by Johnston Forbes-Robertson and his wife, Gertrude Elliott, at Edinburgh, March 26, 1908 and February 18, 1909, for a series of matinées in London.

[7] From the dust jacket of the British edition of the novel, *The Outcry* (London, Methuen, 1911), the text of which is clearly by James, apparently taken from an outline of the book sent by James to the publisher.

[8] From an unpublished letter to the late Harley Granville-Barker.

his Sussex home, to be typed by his amanuensis, Theodora Bosanquet. On December 2 he wrote her a letter which suggests something of the intensity with which he was writing his play:

> I hope to send you tomorrow the greater part of the end of Act III. I shall be glad if on receipt of this, meanwhile, you will send me here what you have copied of it; in a flat parcel, please, registered. If you can stick a piece, or a couple of pieces, of cardboard into the envelope, and will resort to Kidd for the same—she is a great and zealous putter-up—all will be well. I am likely to stay over till Wednesday, if not Thursday, of next week, I think. London is mild and convenient, and I shall *wholly* finish III before I stir. On my return we must do extra-time work of compression and re-copying.
>
> Haste and urgency are in the air.
>
> Yours most truly,
> HENRY JAMES[9]

Two days later he sent another fifty pages of copy and a corrected earlier typescript.[10] By December 17 the play was completed, and in his notebook of that date, while elaborating the theme he later converted into *The Ivory Tower,* he wrote in a characteristic outburst: "More than ever then, at any rate, does it seem to me worth my while to cipher out the subject of this thing . . . after the manner of my late so absorbing and endearing plunge into the whole process of the *Outcry*. . . . The process of the *Outcry* has been of enormous benefit and interest to me in all this connection—it has cast so large and rich and vivid a light upon my path: the august light, I mean, of the whole matter of method."[11]

Allan Wade, who was play-reader for the Frohman repertory, writes: "I remember very well the manuscript of *The Outcry* and my excitement in reading it, and my conviction that it would be far over the heads of our rather stupid audiences. The ms. had a somewhat unprofessional and home-made look, typed with rather wide spacing, blue ink, and not much margin, and each act bound in *stiff* cloth covers of an unattractive light-brown color." He added: "It is true that James's dramatic sense was more in tune with the French than the English theatre of his day—but had he been given more occasion for actual and practical work in the theatre . . . he would probably have been able to modify his tendency to excessive length and our theatre would have gained a really fine dramatist."[12]

Henry James spent a cheerful Christmas in Rye close to his warm hearth, "a fine old Yuletide observance in general," but early in the new year began to experience extreme physical discomfort. On January 12 he revised Act I and in a message to Miss Bosanquet at her lodgings wrote: "I am not feeling very famous. . . ."[13] He was in reality quite ill; digestive disorders, nervousness, a great sense of depression—"agitation, trepidation, black melancholia and weakness"[14] was his own description of it. He took to his bed and remained there for weeks. There is little doubt that factors contributing to his depression were the failure of the definitive edition of his novels and tales over which he had laboured for more than three years and which now was having a highly restricted sale, as well as the intensity and anxiety with which he had written *The Outcry*.[15] The cycle of rejection by the larger reading public had come full round: in the eighteen-nineties he had struggled for creative survival by essaying the drama to compensate for the small sale of his fiction, and thereafter had released his anxieties into ghostly tales and stories of frustrated writers.[16] Now at sixty-seven, in his isolated country retreat, after expending great resources of energy in revising and editing his fictions and reviewing his stage efforts, he quite suddenly collapsed. He was to remain an invalid throughout 1910.

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[9] *Henry James: Les années dramatiques* by Leon Edel (Paris, Jouve, 1931), 238.
[10] From an unpublished letter to Theodora Bosanquet, December 4, 1909.
[11] *Notebooks,* 346.
[12] From a memorandum supplied to the writer by Allan Wade, October 14, 1937.
[13] *Les Années dramatiques,* 239.

Early in March, James's nephew and namesake, William's oldest son, came out to Lamb House to be with his uncle. The third Henry James, then a young lawyer, was able to minister greatly to his uncle's morale. "I am still having a very difficult and uphill time," James wrote in a pencilled scrawl to Miss Bosanquet in London, "with the one mitigation that one of my Boston nephews, the eldest, has just come out to be with me and is a blessed support. . . . There can be no production of *The Outcry* without my personal participation at preparation and rehearsal—and till there is a possibility of that no calculating. There can even be no casting of the piece without my presence in London. So all that is dark."[17]

The third Henry James, who was to become his uncle's literary executor, remembered very well in later years James's preoccupation with *The Outcry* at this time. There was a day when the novelist, in bed, restless, irritable, bored, gave him a telegram to send off about the play—he seemed to recall it was to Granville-Barker—and upon the nephew expressing an interest, the ailing Henry began to speak of the play: he outlined the plot, he recited speeches, he described the action, he sketched the form he hoped it would take on production, talking endlessly of it through the afternoon, animated with the re-creation of his work. It provided him, the younger Henry recalled, with some badly needed distraction.[18]

Later, when the novelist was up and about, having his good days and his bad, taking short motor rides and seeking relaxation ("I have had a perfect Hell of a Time—since just after Christmas—nearly fifteen long weeks of dismal, dreary, interminable illness," he wrote to one correspondent[19]), there began the ordeal of the cutting of *The Outcry*. In all his years of play writing James could never adjust himself to this aspect of the stage. "He hated doing it, of course," Granville-Barker related, "and he had to be induced to part with first one bit; then after a while another. But it was really necessary. He was always good about it and altogether charming to deal with."[20] James bowed to the authoritative views of Granville-Barker and Barrie, but inwardly resented the cuts as much as when the excision had been done by managers rather than men of letters and fellow-dramatists.

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[14] To W. E. Norris, May 22, 1910, in *Letters of Henry James,* ed. Percy Lubbock (New York, 1920), II, 161.

[15] The doctors attending James seemed agreed that his illness was largely nervous in origin.

[16] This has been extensively documented by the writer in his introductory essay to *The Ghostly Tales of Henry James* (New Brunswick, N.J., Rutgers University Press, 1949), xiv-xxv.

[17] From an unpublished letter to Theodora Bosanquet, March 2, 1910.

[18] I am indebted for this reminiscence to the late Henry James (1879-1947), oldest son of William James, who, as his uncle's executor, also authorized the use of the unpublished material contained in this article.

The collapse of production plans for *The Outcry* was followed by the collapse of Frohman's entire repertory season with the death of King Edward VII on May 6, 1910. The theatres closed down during the period of the funeral, and the national mourning which followed contributed to the darkening of many of the playhouses. This was the final blow to a season which, Granville-Barker said, Frohman had been conducting "with great gallantry but—as it was his nature to—with rather reckless extravagance."[21]

Just before sailing for America, on August 1, 1910, the novelist wrote to Miss Bosanquet:

> . . . *The Outcry* utterly gave way under my illness and complete inability to superintend and carry on rehearsal—as I knew it would; and Frohman paid a substantial forfeit and I recovered my rights in the play. I don't see clearly at all, yet, its future—but want a copy of it in which the *last* awful cuts (thousands and thousands of words slashed out, loathingly, by me in May, sick and suffering, and under Barker's and Barrie's even then urgent requisition) shall be embodied. I am waiting anxiously to have the copy containing these cuts back from Granville-Barker—it hasn't yet come. It *must* come, I think, this week, and I wonder if you could then make a fresh copy for me and send it to me in the U.S. I mean send the leaves—sheets—loose of course, without binding. It will be a comparatively light job—the Acts have each been so ignobly shortened. May I hear from you about this? I could give you *time*—a month or two.[22]

In writing to his agent, J. B. Pinker, on July 9, 1910 to acknowledge receipt of the £200 forfeit from Frohman, James said: "It seems at best a lame and impotent conclusion to hopes that were originally high—but from the moment I became, in the spring, more seriously ill, I felt, deep within, that the doom of my play (that is of its production) was *really* sealed."[23]

There had been difficulties other than James's ill health, and not the least of these was the casting of the play. Efforts were made to obtain the services of Sir John Hare for the role of Lord Theign; Gerald du Maurier, son of James's old friend, was sought for Hugh Crimble; and Irene Vanburgh, who had played a minor role in *Guy Domville,* for the part of Lady Grace. It had been planned to cast an American actor in the role of Bender.[24]

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[19] To Mrs. Bigelow, April 19, 1910; *Letters,* II, 159-60.

[20] From a memorandum supplied to the writer by Harley Granville-Barker, December 9, 1929.

[21] *Ibid.*

[22] *Les Années dramatiques,* 239-40.

[23] From an unpublished letter to J. B. Pinker, supplied by Simon Nowell-Smith.

During the next year James converted *The Outcry* into a novel and to his astonishment it promptly ran into several editions so that he could exultingly write that it earned him more royalties in a few weeks than he had ever earned from any non-serialized fiction.[25]

A year and a half after James's death *The Outcry* was produced by the Incorporated Stage Society. It was at one of the two performances given July 1 and July 3, 1917 that Bernard Shaw conducted the experiment he described in a letter to the *Times Literary Supplement* published May 17, 1923: "I experimented on my friends between the acts by repeating some of the most exquisite sentences from the dialogue. I spoke fairly and distinctly, but not one of my victims could understand me or even identify the words I was uttering." Shaw concluded:

> There is a literary language which is perfectly intelligible to the eye, yet utterly unintelligible to the ear even when it is easily speakable by the mouth. . . . a writer who has always worked for publication alone is likely to fail in direct proportion to his inveterate practice and his virtuosity. . . . But the disastrous plays of James, and the stage failures of novelists obviously much more richly endowed by nature and culture than many of the successful playwrights with whom they have tried to compete, suggest that they might have succeeded if only they had understood that as the pen and the *viva vox* are different instruments, their parts must be scored accordingly.[26]

Shaw is speaking here only of James's later plays; he had admired the dialogue of the earlier ones and particularly that of *Guy Domville.*

Granville-Barker, who had a more intimate knowledge of the text of *The Outcry,* did not share Shaw's opinion, feeling that the problems presented by James's dialogue in his final plays were no greater than those in the Restoration comedies. The dialogue, he said, "is artificial—very; but that is legitimate. It might be hard to speak but I think that most of it could be made very effective once the right method had been found (I speak from memory of it). . . . Actors certainly could not blend it with 'melodramatic' acting. . . . But I suggest to you to place it beside a Congreve and a Wycherly. It may not be so good as the first but I believe you'd find more style and bite in it than in the second."[27]

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[24] From information supplied to the writer by Harley Granville-Barker and Allan Wade.

[25] To Edith Wharton, November 19, 1911; *Letters,* II, 209. The novel follows closely the text of the play; James retained the dialogue and added brief descriptive passages.

[26] The letter carries the heading: "Mr. Shaw on Printed Plays."

[27] From an undated memorandum furnished to the writer by Harley Granville-Barker.

THE NEO-ORTHODOXY OF NIEBUHR

DAVID A. STEWART

AMONG other exponents of neo-orthodoxy, Reinhold Niebuhr asserts the old conviction that God is creator of the world, above the contradiction of reason, both life and form, and the source of all existence. It is the divine spirit in man that enables him to place a meaning on life and on the world around him, for man must in some sense be detached if he is able to comment on the meaning of life. Man is like a passenger in a ship who cannot observe that the passenger in the seat opposite him is moving because all the passengers are in the same boat; in order to observe the motion of that boat and of the passengers in it, an observer must be elsewhere, perhaps on the shore or in another ship. In the same way everyone who extracts a meaning from life must have a detachment from life itself. To observe cause, sequence, and purpose, a man must somehow be able to view them as things apart; it requires a capacity of freedom which is greater than reason in order to make judgments above that reason. From the same source a man is able to detect evil which he finds to be located in the human will. Every judgment of good or bad presupposes an origin which is above good and bad. Sin actually is promoted by man's refusal to admit his limitations and by his ambition to be more than he is. Sin is the wrong use of the freedom which has its source in God, for though man is an individual, he is not self-sufficient. When he presumes to make himself self-sufficient, he sins in refusing to acknowledge the source of his life and his freedom.

The demands of Christianity arise from an uneasy conscience. The uneasy conscience tells a man that he has misused his freedom and has thus committed sin. Whereas Freud rates extreme guilt, remorse, and anxiety as neurotic traits to be destroyed in the interests of maturity and of a well-ordered society, Niebuhr believes the guilty and remorseful conscience to be a genuine and necessary religious experience intimating one's relation to God. The Christian view of life rests on the paradox of admitting man's origin in God and of admitting, too, the central role of sin in human living. But this paradox is cleared when man realizes that his consciousness of sin is a recognition of God in judgment. The man who refuses to accept God is forever torn between the demands of his reason and the demands of his physical nature. This is the situation one faces, for example, in Freud who argues for both reason and the natural impulses so that it becomes difficult to decide whether we shall be reasonable and suppressed, or emotional and confused.

The Christian regards egotism and the will to power as the essence of sin, whereas Hobbes and Freud accept them as normal, requiring only to be harnessed by reason or social organization. Niebuhr believes that Marxism with all its faults has at least the merit of reacting sensibly against the rationalism of Hegel and against the whole tradition from Descartes to Kant which tended to glorify the rational man.

Though Niebuhr is aware of the great achievements of modern psychology, he cautions us to remember that modern psychology has grown out of the scepticism of Hume. He points to William James, the main disciple of Hume. Both master and disciple were determined to destroy the idea of the unity of mind. James thought that states of consciousness are all that psychology needs for its task; the notion of a principle of unity with all its metaphysical uncertainty is impractical and superfluous. Modern psychologists in their attempt to be natural scientists have neglected to see that "an object which has both surface and depth cannot be correctly interpreted in terms of one dimension when it has in fact two."[1] While psychology stays in the strictly experimental field it deals with dimension only, but when it traffics in the depths of personality, it is bound to take for granted the unity of personality, and to venture in judgments beyond pure science. If psychology remains within the confines of science, it is reduced to physiology; when it breaks those confines it finds itself on metaphysical grounds and metaphysics is the search for God. Only those psychologists who recognize the limits of their experimental findings and who admit that their resources are guided by philosophic and religious ideals are aware of the depths of self-consciousness and the complex problems of personality. It is only through faith in the unity of the self that man can overcome the conflict between the rational and the emotional which is inherent in all naturalistic explanations of life, for without this idea of unity which draws its strength neither from the sensual nor from the rational but from God, man is not free. Without this unity bestowed upon him by God, a man would have to act according to the dictates of the senses and the reason at all times, without recourse to a higher appeal. It is the divine in man which makes him free and enables him to choose good or evil. He is evil when he commits sin, and when he commits sin he acts against the wish of God.

Sin arises from pride and sensuality, and of the two pride is the more basic. Man, in forsaking God and turning to himself as the sole arbiter of his fate, commits the prime sin. The turning of the soul from God to self is the main cause of all our troubles. Sensuality is the direct offshoot of pride. Self-seeking in its insatiable desire for temporal goods reveals in the first instance an inordinate love of self and in the second, a clear tendency towards the sensual. Among sensual interests, sexual passion is especially strong, and throughout history has expressed itself in many forms other than that of the physical function it fulfils. The Freudian explains that the sexual problem has been increased by repression and that the sense of guilt attendant upon repression is a consequence of over-emphasis upon sex, but Niebuhr claims that the sense of shame in relation to sex existed before the conventions of society and that the excess of sexual passion was the cause and not the result of the restraints which society has imposed upon the expression of sex. While Niebuhr admits that the Christian has gone too far in his stifling of sex by undue repression, he nonetheless would make modesty and the sense of shame central in sex so that it will not fall into unregenerate sensuality. Sex itself is not sinful; it is only when man loses the true centre of his life in God and seeks in sex, among other forces, for his fulfilment that he becomes abandoned to the sin of sensuality. In this way, sex becomes another form of self-love, or the vain effort to escape self-love by the sensual adoration of another; and failing either of these, a man flees from both into unconsciousness—he plunges into insensibility. Sex is not unique, but typical of the general problem of sensuality. Sensuality is undue attachment to a temporal interest whether it be sex, drunkenness, greed, love of luxury, or worship of fame. Whatever form it takes, it defeats its own ends; it escapes the self only to find further disillusionment, or finally it escapes from life into insensibility or unconsciousness.

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[1] R. Niebuhr, *The Nature and Destiny of Man* (London, 1943), I, 78.

Sin can only be understood in the vertical relation of the human soul to God because only in this relation can the self be free to be outside all human relations with no other judge but God. Therefore all deliverances of an uneasy conscience and of remorse and repentance are experiences of the soul with God. A man in remorse will remain in this negative condition unless he can know repentance through God.

Niebuhr states that faith is incomplete without revelation, and conversely that revelation is incomplete without faith. By revelation he means the knowing of God in Christ, the complete sovereignty of God over life and history. While the truth may never be completely known, it may yet be sensed and supplemented by faith. The truth of Christ, for example, may be apprehended through faith, but when a man does know this truth there is a conviction in his heart that he has been helped in reaching it.

The concept of grace gains full respectability in Niebuhr's theology. By grace is meant both the power of God-over-man and the power of God-in-man, but we must not suppose that the power of God-in-man means merely the highest development of the human spirit; it means the actual presence of God in man. Central in Christian thought is the conviction than man only fulfils life through resources which are not his own; therefore, any attempt to complete the destiny of man that does not recognize that fact is sinful. The freedom of the self cannot be realized in the self alone. The self is best realized through love of one's fellows; the danger is that in daily living we are constantly tempted into ways of self-love. This temptation is the harder to resist the more we try to redeem ourselves by our own power. Even enlightenment will not solve the problem, for the individual can remain self-centred and use enlightenment purely for the purpose of bringing more interests under the power of the will. This self-centredness can only be broken and genuine freedom realized when one becomes wholly conscious of God and one's selfishness. Truly to have the Christian experience is to be born again; this new self breaks the iron circle of self-centredness, for after the Christian experience the self lives for others out of the love of God. This new self is reached by power and grace from beyond itself; this power and grace are far more important than knowledge, for they reveal a man's limitations which knowledge does not do. The hope of redemption through knowledge still clings to an outmoded view of human nature which separates mind from body; it is the fruit of the whole mistaken Cartesian tradition in our present culture. Once the common-sense unity of the self is admitted, in which vital and rational factors are inseparable, it becomes impossible to say that man will sense his true meaning through reason alone. This is why the power and grace of God are thought to be central in the interpretation of man's destiny.

For the same reason, it is impossible to believe that social progress can reach its maximum guided by reason alone. That is why the Christian faith holds that the final end of history lies beyond our human limitations. Thus cautioned on the limitations of reason, Niebuhr thinks it unwise to affirm with certainty the nature of heaven or of hell. The idea of an everlasting hell-fire is no more and no less consistent than the idea of a calm spiritual home where the soul dwells in peace, but in any case "it is prudent to accept the testimony of the heart which affirms the fear of judgment. The freedom of man by which he both transcends and is creative in history makes the fear of a judgment beyond all historical judgments inevitable."[2] If we sufficiently guard against the temptations that lead man away from God, we shall constantly resist the sins of sensuality and the sins of pride:

> In the former, the freedom of history is denied and men creep back to the irresponsibility of nature. In the latter the freedom of man is over-estimated. Men seek to complete history without regard to the contingent and finite character of the self, individual or collective, of the culture of civilization, which they make the basis of their pretension. This is the sin of imperialism. Or they seek to abstract human freedom from history. This pride of mystic other-worldliness makes the human spirit not the master of history, but the agent of its own emancipation from history.[3]

It is curious that Niebuhr is a reactionary in religion and a radical in politics. He believes that the collapse of capitalism through overproduction is inevitable, especially in America, and that the reason is that it is basically unjust. The problem facing Christians, therefore, is to prevent the concentration of ruthless power in one class. Niebuhr believes that anything which limits the power of economic ownership is on the right path. What we must resist in our society is the temptation to regard with fear a change in the system simply because we happen at the time to be relatively secure.

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[2] *Ibid.*, II, 304.

[3] *Ibid.*, 315.

This is a distinctly moral as well as political problem, for we are faced with the conflict between selfish impulses and social justice. We can the better fight this temptation through a clear appreciation of the justice of social ownership. This need not mean, according to Niebuhr, that extreme collectivism is the goal as in Soviet Russia, but he believes that the concentration of economic power which promotes private ownership is the central source of social injustice and that it should be replaced by social ownership.[4]

It looks as though Niebuhr were clearly aware of the evils which grew out of the economic individualism so often attributed to the Lutheran Reformation. Thus the neo-orthodoxy of Niebuhr (and of Paul Tillich[5]), though determined to recapture the spirit of Luther and Calvin, of St. Augustine and of Paul, is equally anxious to correct the economic policies of *laissez-faire* which developed with the Protestant revolt. The tragedy of the Protestant movement after the Reformation lay in the failure of men to apply on the social and political level what they had so well absorbed on the spiritual level. The consciousness of sin in the individual has its counterpart in society in the consciousness of injustice. Men must therefore fight against injustice in society as they fight against sin in their own hearts.

Niebuhr's concern with social and political problems marks the central difference between his views and those of the Continental champions of neo-orthodoxy, Emil Brunner and Karl Barth, whom Niebuhr finds unrealistic about history and human judgment, in which social and political problems beg for solution: "Theologies, such as that of Barth, which threaten to destroy all relative moral judgments by their exclusive emphasis upon the ultimate religious fact of the sinfulness of all men, are rightly suspected of imperilling relative moral achievements of history."[6] Brunner, he says, "knows no middle ground between perfect love and legalism."[7] This wide gulf between law and love is neither sensible nor feasible in the conduct of human affairs. In actual practice there is frequently an admixture of duty and love in one's attitude to one's fellow-men, an admixture supported by the history of jurisprudence as well as by the actions of countless people in their daily rounds. "Brunner's consistently negative interpretation of the political task . . . is a Lutheran heritage in his thought,"[8] a heritage disavowed in Niebuhr's socialistic programme.

The European champion of neo-orthodoxy, Karl Barth, as distinguished from Niebuhr, is interested in earthly problems only as they spell the doom of modern man: he despairs of social betterment, and the only gleam of hope in his theology is that the errors of human political and social systems, churches and religions, whether in fascism or enlightened democracy, secular as they all are, will lead clearly to heaven as the sole repository of human faith. Professor R. A. Sellars, in calling this type of neo-orthodoxy "pessimistic deism," has named it well for in Barth's dialectic there is nothing constructive, nothing inspiring. His conception of God is that of one who says "No" to every human "Yes" and "Yes" to every human "No." In a relation where the terms are so utterly opposed, it is hard to understand how rapport of any sort can be made between man and God, how, indeed, God could bring Himself to create a race of men so distasteful to Him, so contradictory to His will.[9]

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[4] See *Reflections on the End of an Era,* chaps. xv and xvi.

[5] See P. Tillich, *The Protestant Era* (Chicago, 1948), 312 ff.

[6] Niebuhr, *The Nature and Destiny of Man,* I, 234.

[7] *Ibid.,* II, 197.

[8] *Ibid.,* 260.

Niebuhr is strongly opposed to this outlook and finds Barth, like Brunner, too neglectful of the cumulative worth of historical human justice:

> . . . it is important to recognize the validity of principles of justice, rationally conceived, as sources of criticism for the historical achievements of justice in living communities. If the medieval and modern secular theories of natural law claim too much for these rational principles of justice, both secular and Reformation relativists frequently dismiss them as irrelevant or dangerous. Karl Barth's belief that the moral life of man would possess no valid principles of guidance, if the Ten Commandments had not introduced such principles by revelation is as absurd as it is unscriptural.[10]

The Barthian theology, says Niebuhr, like Reformation doctrine, is defective in its view of the social and historical meaning of life:

> Individual life is regarded as an end in itself. This is precisely the effect not only of mystic doctrines of fulfilment but also of many orthodox Protestant versions of eschatology, in which the "end" stands only above history and the Biblical idea of the "end" is obscured. . . . On the other hand modern protests against these Christian (and sometimes non-Christian) forms of "other-worldliness" make the mistake of trying to fulfil the meaning of life in the historical process itself. Thereby they not only obscure the reality of individual freedom in its transcendence over history, but also deny the finite character of the historical process.[11]

It must be realized that the meaning of a man's life is to be found in his relation to history and to the community in which he lives, though the completion of that meaning is the final judgment of eternity, whence comes such freedom as men have to perpetuate and perfect their earthly existence.

II

One is frequently surprised to observe the lengths to which intelligent men will go to support their faith. So subtle is the logic and so brilliant the argument that one regrets that these great scholars do not state their dogmas bluntly, in the interests of those of us less gifted with dialectical powers, and then use their powers to tell us clearly and directly what their dogmas demand. Such a man is Reinhold Niebuhr. His fusion of myth with rational argument betrays him as a fundamentalist so well informed on the meanings behind contemporary science, philosophy, and religion, that his training, one supposes, keeps him from being frank and straightforward in the fundamentals of orthodox Protestantism.

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[9] See *Religious Liberals Reply: A Criticism of Neo-Orthodoxy,* by H. N. Wieman, A. E. Murphy, Gardner Williams, Jay W. Hudson, M. C. Otto, J. B. Pratt, and R. W. Sellars (Boston, 1947). Gardner Williams states that *An Interpretation of Christian Ethics* (New York, 1935) is probably the best summary of Niebuhr's thought.

[10] Niebuhr, *The Nature and Destiny of Man,* II, 263.

[11] *Ibid.,* 319.

Niebuhr refers to the need for detachment from life if one is to pass judgment about life; there must be a freedom *above* reason in order to make judgments *about* reason. He puts it in this way: "Man is thus in the position of being unable to comprehend himself in his full stature of freedom without a principle of comprehension which is beyond his comprehension."[12] Does this actually tell us anything about man's highest aims and destiny? It amounts to saying that man does not fully understand himself without a principle he cannot understand. Apart from the negative content of this view, it is a statement which violates Niebuhr's constantly recurring theme of the restrictions of human reason. If the human reason is not able to communicate anything beyond itself, how can an exception be made in the case of a principle of comprehension asserted by a human being (Mr. Niebuhr) to be above reason? Surely it is better and simpler to say "I believe in God, the Father" without recourse to the vanities of reason which Niebuhr himself deplores. But there is an objection to this transcendent theory on other grounds. Because something escapes our understanding now is no reason to suppose it will always escape us. Unconscious experience is no longer meaningless though it was thought to be so until the turn of the century when philosophy welcomed James and Freud into its fold, from physiology, medicine, and psychology. The error had been to identify experience with consciousness and to judge the unconscious as unworthy of rational analysis. But both James and Freud revealed that many conscious experiences are little removed from the depths of the unconscious, James with his theory of the will to believe, Freud with his theory of the wish fulfilment, both of which theories have been borne out in fact through successful treatment of maladjusted persons. It may, then, be cogently argued that Niebuhr's principle of comprehension may have roots in the vast depths of the unconscious mind yet to be fully charted by the sciences of psychology and physiology. While this possibility is speculative, it has the advantage of being positive and of at least offering a view that can be understood, in the place of a statement which has no real meaning apart from the dogma on which it is based. It is not that transcendence is a fallacious principle: on the contrary, it would appear to be basic in any attempt to be rational and to convey meaning. The objection to Niebuhr is this: the idea of transcendence though not wholly intelligible may yet be understood. We do not have to know all the citizens of England personally to know that there is a class of men known as Englishmen.

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[12] *Ibid.,* I, 134.

When Niebuhr cautions us to remember that the great achievements of modern psychology have grown out of the scepticism of Hume and of his disciple James, both of whom, he says, were determined to destroy the unity of mind, he forgets that these men were less concerned to destroy the unity of mind than they were to prevent whole-sale assumptions made by such men as Niebuhr himself about matters that go beyond human experience.

But why, in any case, this insistence on the unity of mind? Each of us has his identity as a human being recognizable and distinct from other human beings, but as to the complex which makes up "mind," it is as sensible and as much in accord with the evidence to say that "mind" is pluralistic as that it is a unity. Man can be neither wholly rational nor wholly impulsive. The tension between the two actually accounts for moral action, for frequently we must compel ourselves to be reasonable. The struggles of reason with emotion, of reflection with impulse, even of death with life are of the very essence of the human being and at the basis of morality. Why are philosophers so drawn to the concept of unity? Freud has expressed the theory that there is "a tendency in living organic matter impelling it towards reinstatement of an earlier condition." A child likes to repeat games and to hear the same stories; an adult as he grows old loses the sense of adventure and prefers the old familiar places and faces. Even habit might be interpreted as a wish not to grow but to revert. If we could satisfy all our longings at once, life would lose its savour and be at one with death. But we are so constituted that the satisfaction of desires is strung out over a period of years; life moves toward the goal, death. Every desire satisfied is a momentary death, and who among us does not welcome the solace of sleep for the third part of every day? Yet we are glad to awaken and release new strength for the diminishing business of living, whose end is known but whose pace we would not quicken. A well-understood unity would rob life of its meaning and of any further incentive to go on living. Life actually would require a wholly new interpretation, different from any that we now accept, if it did not terminate in death and if it were not experienced by a mind complex with vitality and inertia rather than a mind united by the single ideal of life everlasting.

Man is contradictory in his nature: he is rational and impulsive, a myth-maker and a fact-finder, an artist and an animal. This conflict gives him his human identity. Were it otherwise, our whole inquiry would be irrelevant.

The central role of sin in Niebuhr's position arouses our suspicion in a world big with possibilities for human betterment. It is depressing to think that all human action is sinful, even if better life beyond the mortal scene is assured us. "Man is tempted to break and transcend the limits which God has set for him!"[13] To be so tempted is to sin, but to be conscious of a limit is to create a hazard in any effort to improve our worldly lot. Certainly men should be humble enough to acknowledge their imperfections, but what is effective living but the pressure towards greater and greater improvement? A moral principle that asserts and justifies itself by degrading human effort moves inevitably towards pessimism and defeat. The human enterprise would be blighted were it not tempted to break limits and blaze new trails. Surely such temptation is not sinful but characteristic of all healthy living. It is doubtful if Christ expected us to be as sin-laden as Niebuhr would like us to be; it is fairly certain, on the other hand, that the inspiration to be sin-conscious comes from tortured souls like Paul, Augustine, Luther, Calvin, and Kierkegaard. Calling man back to a survey of his misdeeds and to the need to take stock if he is to improve the lot of human beings in the world is timely in these troubled years, but the reminder need not be so severe as to inhibit all human action.

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[13] *Ibid.*, 192.

The adventure of knowledge reveals to us the findings of psychology, sociology, anthropology, psychiatry, and philosophy—all sciences which concern human action and destiny and depend for their results on the courage of men to act, think, and evaluate confidently. Though errors have been made and will continue to be made, that will not deter men from the natural seeking of new facts about human nature in the confidence that by their own efforts they will come to know themselves and thus adjust themselves better to the struggle for existence with increased hopes for human well-being.

Perhaps it is finally a question of emphasis. Men like Niebuhr cry sin and guilt to call proud men back to a sober appraisal of their powers. Truly the man who fails to be corrected may follow the path of Hitler, Himmler, or other less conspicuous but still wicked men, and it is the task of some one in the world to tell them that their pride is unwarranted, that they are "evil," that they "sin," and that a change of heart can come only with self-knowledge. Let us hope that Niebuhr in his excellent analysis of pride and lust means no more by sin than a recall to human limitations, to the fact of human error and the need of self-instruction, which is constantly to be kept in the centre of personal ambition. If more than this is meant, there is the danger that a man in reducing his "sinful pride" may infringe on his self-respect. When a man's self-respect is threatened, his confidence goes and then life will become futile and tragic.

Abandonment to sensuality is not conducive to the best in human behaviour. The wisdom of good living informs us of this fact without the need for sanctions against sensuality from an incomprehensible source. Aristotle warned young men to refrain from the study of ethics so that its meaning would be clear and rich after some experience with life and with the discipline and the content of the natural sciences which give clues to the formation of ethical principles. Niebuhr is clearly of a different opinion. This is an instance of his separation of science from value, inherited from Kant and Kierkegaard, the separation of reasonable good from intuitional good, a cleavage unthinkable in the Greeks, a dichotomy which may well spell our doom in an age dominated by the dreadful possibilities of atomic power.

Niebuhr argues well when he states that excess sexual indulgence was the cause and not the result of the restraints which society has imposed upon the expression of sex. But his keen knowledge of psychology is devoted to his argument with a bias. Is society to be curbed in the expression of sex, as men are kept from alcohol by prohibition? Can Niebuhr be so unpsychological, and so distrustful of education that he could wish to restrict sex as one keeps candy from children?

The cleverest argument in Niebuhr for fundamentalism seems to be his argument for physical resurrection. He is in the modern temper when he accepts the organic view of personality, the view that soul and body are logically distinguishable but actually inseparable. Therefore, the view that only the spirit lives after death is outmoded. If one must believe in the resurrection, it is easier, in the light of the facts of physiology and psychology, to believe that a human being will have a physical resurrection than that he will have a nebulous spiritual home. This reasoning is a prime example of Niebuhr's confusion of myth with fact. Briefly he uses fact to support myth. I should say of such a thesis that Niebuhr indeed has been "tempted to break and transcend the limit which God has set for him," and if so, his doctrine stands self-condemned.

Niebuhr's argument for the "fear of judgment" is a similar confusion of fact with myth. He himself may not be confused, but he communicates a vague meaning to his readers. If he means symbolically that all men shall be judged by their fruits, the point is well taken. If he means literally a judgment before a heavenly tribunal and the danger of everlasting hellfire, then the credulity of intelligent people will be stretched to the breaking-point. Moreover, the fear of judgment does not tally well with the Christian principle of love and compassion: the one is negative and retributive, the other positive and creative.

As to transcendence, it is as logical to suppose that man can view himself in nature as in harmony with the order and mystery of a universe that may in part be understood as that a wholly alien force, not to be known, accounts for his ability to make judgments and construct values. Even the animal is able to recognize otherness and in coping with his difficulties make certain decisions and take certain actions with regard to how his problem will be solved. So much the more can man transcend himself with his faculty of reason. Transcendence in the human being may mean more than the ability to suspend judgment, deliberate, "stand aside" for a time from the actions in which men engage; but it seems certain that in transcending himself, a man finds his reasoning powers an indispensable aid in reaching decisions and in relating himself to the universe and to God.

Niebuhr is at his best in his case for social reform, where his arguments for social improvement appear to be far better than his theology. After the Lutheran Reformation, the appeal to individual conscience and to personal salvation was misapplied in the political and social scene. Though the individual is free to find God in his own way, he does not have a similar freedom to exploit his fellow-man. We need not concern ourselves here with the problem of whether the Reformation was the cause of the evils which grew out of *laissez-faire* economics. The fact is that *laissez-faire* did bring difficulties to those sensitive to social justice and to the Christian principle of love, and that for a long time the Protestant spirit seemed to support rather than reject economic individualism. Niebuhr deplores concentrated wealth and private ownership if they create misery and hardship among the masses of the people. To the extent that Niebuhr promotes the cause of general human welfare through voluntary social control, his argument is positive and well taken; his stress on the meaning of history and of social justice makes of him a more inspiring theologian than his colleagues Brunner and Barth.

THE POETRY OF THE INDIVIDUAL

JOHN ARTHOS

THE *Divine Comedy,* which is, in one view, Dante's judgment of himself most terribly pursued, has a special individuality in each line. No character speaks merely for himself; none has the tone or idiom of any other than Dante. Here there is not the free play of the imagination we marvel at in Shakespeare, the deliberate surrender of Euripides and Racine, the half-detachment of Dickens. It is not merely that Dante is always present in each scene, but that each character is answering questions Dante himself needs to have answered. They give the answers he must ultimately find for himself. The very vividness of Capaneus untouched by the thunderbolt, of Sordello in the midst of the gold light that lies across the grass, is the sign of the poet's own condition. In the beautiful incident of Paolo and Francesca the final pity of the story is not in their fate but in his:

> e caddi come corpo morto cade.
>
> *Inferno,* V, 142

The point is not only that Dante fainted, but that he said he did—and the epithet is the terrible word *morto.*

Yet his characters, speaking as Dante might, still achieve their own remarkable distinctness because as individuals they are the object of the hatred of the evil in himself, hatred so complete it follows each distortion:

> La faccia sua era faccia d' uom giusto,
> tanto benigna avea di fuor la pelle,
> e d' un serpente tutto l' altro fusto. . . .[1]
>
> *Inferno,* XVII, 10-12

They are vivid because the hatred is discriminating, and because Dante understands the evil within himself. The vividness extends to gestures, and when we see Farinata rising from his tomb, by his very silence showing his disdain of Hell, we know that Dante understands this proud contempt of Hell because he shares it. And there is the question Beatrice bitterly puts to him in Purgatory:

> "Come degnasti d' accedere al monte?
> non sapei tu che qui è l' uom felice?"[2]
>
> *Purgatorio,* XXX, 74-5

This complete fidelity in confession, this merciless attention to himself in his journey through horror and half-destroyed humanity and even in Heaven, gives us our first understanding of the man himself. Ultimately we are moved to the most noble comprehension in recognizing that this is Dante rising from a tomb, that this is also he who is defeated in a race, and that he is even like Satan, grotesquely unworthy of his role. Similarly, the sight of Matilda in the Garden of Eden is the discovery of his own capacity for delight.

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[1] He had the face of a just man, the skin itself the tone of virtue, and for the rest was a serpent.

[2] "How did you dare climb to the mountain? Did you not know that here man is happy?"

What he saw in the world he saw in himself; he hated and loved as the need demanded. The reader is struck with wonder, not only at the depth of evil and the nature of its punishment, or at the splendour and tolerance of God. He is amazed at the effort of this man to judge himself.

But in all this we understand something more than self-criticism. For if Dante is in some sense Farinata, his hatred means that he is something more than the evil in Farinata. He is all that he sees, and he is something else besides; he is himself. This we could not know if he did not see others so clearly. We ourselves understand that ordinarily our own affirmations are obscure, our sincerity uncertain, and the objects of our hatred murky. But we see that the life of all these people rang clearly in Dante's mind, with a clarity, I think, that comes only when a man knows his danger fully. In reading Dante we do more than criticize because we are persuaded that what is true of him is true of us. Persuaded by the vividness of these scenes to recognize their reality, we are persuaded of the judgments by recognizing ourselves in Dante, the traveller confronting himself. This goes so far, I think, that we imagine the gestures of Ciacco and Farinata to be exactly the gestures we ourselves make; in Shakespeare the gestures of Lear and Henry V are always their own, never ours. But each of these figures in the crowd of Dante's vision is also the others, and is Dante, because he knows that only in presenting the variety of Hell and Heaven will he be able to affirm himself, that which includes Hell and Heaven and is still himself. Given his comprehension, we are similarly committed to our own affirmations, which must be Dante's, even as defined by his very gestures.

There was the danger, of course, that these galleries, crowded with the people of Heaven and Hell, staring at the curious visitor, the man who has imagined them out of the knowledge of his life, might yet be merely crowds of monsters we would notice and pass by. So they might be were the journey undertaken with nothing more than hatred, and then we should lose something of the clarity of our perceptions and the marks of difference finely set upon these characters. But the distinctions were maintained and the judgments vivified because there had come mysteriously to this man lost in the dark wood the thought of mercy. It is something he will never understand, but each stage of the journey, each increase in the knowledge of himself, the depths of pride, the meannesses of cowardice, will make the thought, at least, his last companion.

Committed to hate evil, he retains always a kind of awe towards what is human, however wasted, an Italian rather than a Roman piety. He has no notion of disowning the friends he finds in Hell, and he promises them as if they were his kin to take back news to those who survive on earth. It is this courtesy to the damned that makes even the hatred noble. And in all that is related to Paradise he trusts his dreams, just as he trusted himself in affirming the excellence of a human being when as a child he first saw Beatrice, another child. For him, to perceive the excellence of a person was to experience love, and the years increased the depth of his loyalty. With so many causes for shame, and those constantly remembered, he never forgoes affirming the honour of that faculty which perceives excellence in another. To be permitted to know of excellence he takes to be the sign of a merciful God, the idea living in Bernard's words to the Virgin Mary:

> Qui se' a noi meridiana face
>   di caritate, e giuso, intra i mortali,
>   se' di speranza fontana vivace.
> Donna, se' tanto grande e tanto vali,
>   che qual vuol grazia ed a te non ricorre,
>   sua disianza vuol volar sanz' ali.
> La tua benignità non pur soccorre
>   a chi domanda, ma molte fiate
>   liberamente al dimandar precorre.
> In te misericordia, in te pietate,
>   in te magnificenza, in te s' aduna
>   quantunque in creatura è di bontate.[3]
>
> *Paradiso,* XXXIII, 10-21

Poetry exists in affirmation, and so does mercy, but it is not in anyone's power to be merciful towards himself. If he is writing religious poetry, he needs to avoid affirming his own special worthiness or the poetry may fail to be religious. Metaphors are normally too dangerous for his purposes. When Francis Thompson called Christ "that great rich Vine," the egoism of the metaphor betrayed him religiously if not poetically. Donne, in the fourteenth of the "Holy Sonnets," was in a sense more successful, in identifying God as a ravisher, successful in acknowledging his own humiliation and in showing how far that is from humility, in acknowledging, in other words, his religious failure. Similes are better fitted to express humility.

> Quali i fioretti, dal notturno gelo
>   chinati e chiusi, poi che 'l sol li 'mbianca
>   si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo,
> tal mi fec' io di mia virtute stanca,
>   e tanto buono ardire al cor mi corse,
>   ch' i' cominciai come persona franca:
> "Oh pietosa colei che mi soccorse!"[4]
>
> *Inferno,* II, 127-33

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[3] Thou art for us here the torch of love at noon, and below, with mortals, the living spring of hope. Lady, thou art so great and of such worth, that if anyone hopes for grace and does not come to thee, his longing flies without wings. Thy charity helps not only him who asks, but often it forestalls the prayer. In thee are pity, tenderness, magnificence, whatever is excellent in creation.

[4] As little flowers, chilled in the night, bent over and closed, stand straight on their stems and open when the white light of the sun touches them, so it was with me, rising from my weariness, and such fiery strength started in my heart that I began to speak like one set free: "O thou most merciful who helpest me!"

Lo duca mio di subito mi prese,
  come la madre ch' al romore è desta,
  e vede presso a sè fiamme accese,
che prende il figlio e fugge e non s' arresta,
  avendo più di lui che di sè cura. . . .[5]

Inferno, XXIII, 37-41

Qual è colui che suo dannaggio sogna,
  che sognando desidera sognare,
  si che quel ch' è, come non fosse, agogna,
tal mi fec' io, non possendo parlare,
  che disiava scusarmi, e scusava
  me tuttavia, e nol mi credea fare.[6]

Inferno, XXX, 136-41

The distance between a simile and a metaphor, as Cary Ross once described it, is as the space between two blades of grass, or between Sirius and Vega. The difference is important in understanding the conception of *The Divine Comedy* as a whole. The poem is not, I think, to be regarded as an allegorical story of a man in search of God, but, much more simply, as a construction of God's search for him.

As part of that, there is the search of Beatrice for Dante. He saw her first as a child, and then, years later, he came upon her by chance on one of the streets of Florence. He saw her seldom in life, but she came into his dreams many times and finally intervened in the Vision. In the story of the *Vita Nuova,* in all the dreams recounted there, and in *The Divine Comedy,* she appears in order to speak to him and on his behalf. It is she who seeks for him; her search has been constant and arduous:

Quando di carne a spirto era salita,
  e bellezza e virtù cresciuta m' era,
  fu' io a lui men cara e men gradita;
e volse i passi suoi per via non vera,
  imagini di ben seguendo false,
  che nulla promission rendono intera.
Nè l' impetrare ispirazion mi valse,
  con le quali ed in sogno e altrimenti
  lo rivocai; sì poco a lui ne calse![7]

Purgatorio, XXX, 127-35

Her search was part of God's:

Dunque a Dio convenia con le vie sue
  riparar l' omo a sua intera vita. . . .[8]

Paradiso, VII, 103-4

[5] My guide suddenly took hold of me, as a mother does whom some disturbance wakens, and she sees flames kindling near her, and she takes her son and flees, having more care for him than for herself.

[6] As one who dreams of some hurt to himself, and dreaming wishes it were a dream, desiring what is as if it were not, so I, unable to speak, yet wanting to excuse myself, did so entirely though I thought I could not.

[7] When I had climbed from flesh to spirit, and within me beauty and virtue had borne increase, I was less dear to him, less pleasing; and he turned to a road of illusions, following false images of the good that no fulfilment can redeem. No beseeching, no inspiriting of faith that I could offer, in dreams or in other ways, could call him back—he cared so little for anything like help.

[8] For God in ways that are His own brings man back to a whole life.

There is a lithograph of Beatrice by Odilon Redon in two colours, soft yellow and pale blue, in his diffused manner. As we look at it, close or far away, the features of her face are more or less distinct, though never sharply defined. Close to, an expression becomes clear, and it is true to what we think of her. Farther away, there is merely the colour, and that seems enough. We know that none of these views is possible unless the entire painting is as it is, capable of change and yet always itself. It has the kind of constant presence Dante discovered in the original, the kind of presence we recognize in Shakerley Marmion's marvellous adaptation of Virgil:

What darkness can protect me, what disguise
Hide me from her inevitable eyes?

And in the magnificent statement of the nature of his poetry Dante acknowledged again his dependence upon some divine searching:

"I' mi son un, che quando
Amor mi spira, noto, e a quel modo
ch' e' ditta dentro vo significando."[9]
Purgatorio, XXIV, 52-4

The conclusion for Dante must never be—I sought for Beatrice, or God, or mercy, and found them; but always—through some splendid favour I became as some other. Thinking of himself, as he looked at Beatrice at the threshold of Paradise, he said:

Nel suo aspetto tal dentro mi fei,
  qual si fè Glauco nel gustar de l' erba
  che 'l fè consorto in mar de li altri Dei.[10]
Paradiso, I, 67-9

The journey of the traveller in *The Divine Comedy* is the likeness of a journey he has in life hardly begun. When that journey is concluded, the Dante who then joins Beatrice will have been restored to his original self (*sua intera vita*), the self that has hitherto been lost and confused. Dante, in this poem, for all the inescapably personal accent, for all the emphasis upon the search of others for him, is also saying that he does not know himself for what he is. He sees himself in all of the damned, and in innumerable others, they all speak in his accents, and he holds fast to the knowledge that his only means of becoming or restoring himself is in knowing that he is in some sense these others. The journey is a rediscovery of the individuality that was loved even before it existed:

Esce di mano a lui che la vagheggia
  prima che sia, a guisa di fanciulla
  che piangendo e ridendo pargoleggia,

---

[9] "I am of those who mark what love inspires and to the measure of His speech within me I accord mine."

[10] Through the sight of her there took place within me something of what happened to Glaucus when he tasted the grass that made him the sea-fellow of the other gods.

l' anima semplicetta che sa nulla,
  salvo che, mossa da lieto fattore,
  volentier torna a ciò che la trastulla.[11]
Purgatorio, XVI, 85-90

To the reader he presents a hooded, stooped, questioning figure, more a mind than a figure, with none of the colour or brightness or darkness of a hundred others. We get hardly any picture of him except as we see him in the tortured minds of the men and women spending their punishments in eternity, or when he likens himself to some other, a child, a sea-god, a flower, or, in one of the most beautiful of all the great similes, a peasant:

In quella parte del giovanetto anno
  che 'l sole i crin sotto l' Aquario tempra
  e già le notti al mezzo dì sen vanno,
quando la brina in su la terra assempra
  l' imagine di sua sorella bianca,
  ma poco dura a la sua penna tempra;
lo villanello a cui la roba manca,
  si leva, e guarda, e vede la campagna
  biancheggiar tutta, ond' ei si batte l' anca;
ritorna in casa, e qua e là si lagna,
  come 'l tapin che non sa che si faccia;
  poi riede, e la speranza ringavagna,
veggendo il mondo aver cangiata faccia
  in poco d' ora, e prende suo vincastro,
  e fuor le pecorelle a pascer caccia.
Così mi fece sbigotir lo mastro
  quand' io li vidi sì turbar la fronte,
  e così tosto al mal giunse lo 'mpiastro;
che, come noi venimmo al guasto ponte,
  lo duca a me si volse con quel piglio
  dolce ch' io vidi prima a piè del monte.[12]
Inferno, XXIV, 1-21

The result is that in the poem we can find no clear image of the poet except as we comprehend the entire scene. Through the very method Dante seems to say that in religious terms individual personality is so vast it cannot be comprehended in a portrait.

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[11] The innocent soul issues from His hand who desired it before it was, like a child with its little talk, crying and laughing, but knowing nothing except that he is born of a joyful Father and that he gladly turns to Him who is the source of his delight.

[12] In that part of the young year when the sun tempers his locks beneath Aquarius, and when already the nights are beginning to turn south, there comes a time when the hoar-frost, touching the earth, takes the likeness of its white sister, though the strokes of its design last only briefly; but the peasant whose fodder is all gone, rising and looking out, seeing the field all white beats his thigh, goes back into the house, strides up and down and groans like some poor wretch who knows not where to turn. Then he comes out again, and his hope comes back, for he sees that the world has suddenly changed its face, and then he takes his crook and drives his flocks to pasture. In just such a way was I dismayed, seeing my master's brow troubled, and just as quickly he salved my hurt, for as we came to the ruined bridge he turned to me and, now, with that sweet look I saw first at the foot of the mountain.

A similar knowledge governs his descriptions of God. It is often remarked that Dante's poetical treatment of divinity succeeds so well because of the extraordinary skill with which he uses images of light.

> Ne la profonda e chiara sussistenza
> de l' alto lume parvermi tre giri
> di tre colori e d' una contenenza;
> e l' un da l' altro come iri da iri
> parea reflesso, e 'l terzo parea foco
> che quinci e quindi igualmente si spiri.[13]
> *Paradiso,* XXXIII, 115-20

In part such images are effective because we are spared the peculiarities that usually deface an individual writer's anthropomorphism. But what is more important, I think, for the purposes of Christian religion, is that light appears to be the least corporeal of things. Difficult to think of as something concrete, it is barely adaptable for use in metaphors. I think the nature of a metaphor is in the identification of one supposed material object for another. Light cannot, I think, be used as a metaphor for God; it can only be used to describe something more like divinity than any more obviously concrete thing. Even the least corporeal of things can provide only similes of a spiritual being.

If the Christian God is not easily figured metaphorically, neither are human individuals. This is not merely because they are complex and contradictory, though such considerations are important, but primarily because their individuality is immeasurable. For any sensitive understanding an individual conceived in character is incapable of the simplification which gives metaphors their power.

When a writer such as Dante acts upon a belief in souls, he must always deal in likenesses, and not in identities of one person or thing with another. We are rather amusingly reminded of his problem when we force ourselves to remember that the persons in Hell and Purgatory are present not in body, but only as spirits. There is something incongruous, we think, in the fact that the flames are not really licking Boniface's feet as he squirms head downward in his hole. Dante means, of course, that the suffering of the soul can only be measured loosely against the suffering known to bodies. If we were to consider Hell too narrowly as a place of purely physical punishment, as we are sometimes led to do by the Doré illustrations, we should cease to take it as seriously as Dante means us to. But Dante assumes that his readers will never mistake personalities for bodies, and that they will never accept any images as the equivalents of pain or felicity. Hell and Heaven are *something* like this, he says, and he reminds us of the inexactness again and again, by telling us of vision within vision, dream within dream, and by using simile after simile. His approach to the entire work, I think, in this respect, may be signified in the lines where he once speaks of himself,

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[13] In the deep clear being of the lofty light I saw three circles of three colours and one magnitude, and the first rose from the second as a rainbow reflecting a rainbow, and the third was like a fire breathing equally through all.

> Qual è colui che somniando vede,
>   che dopo il sogno la passione impressa
>   rimane, e l' altro a la mente non riede,
> cotal son io, chè quasi tutta cessa
>   mia visione, ed ancor mi distilla
>   nel core il dolce che nacque da essa.[14]
>
> *Paradiso,* XXXIII, 58-63

The strength of his imagination and his feeling lead to the usual betrayal; the pictures are vivid, and we see and hear and even smell the terrible scenes as we do the very Garden of Eden. The only terms the imagination knows are concrete terms, and Dante can only present us with concrete images. The conception of the poem as a dream, a likeness, helps him not to confound his purpose, helps him in expressing the doctrine of the immeasurable vastness of the individual personality. It is immeasurable because an individual is both himself and what he sees. He is Farinata speaking as Dante and Dante speaking as Farinata. He is himself, and he is in some sense all other things.

In the thought of mercy, in thinking of himself as the object of a miraculous search, the poet undertakes to affirm the glory of whatever made him what he is. With such a purpose, poetry comes to be identified with the divine affirmation of humanity. He is endeavouring to know himself, to be true to himself; in the poem and in the philosophy he presents, it is God and Beatrice who know him and try to bring him to himself. Through his belief in them he creates himself, the grey stooped figure in its passage through dark and light; and in seeing the evil and virtue in himself he is persuaded to praise whatever made him what he is. What he is is part of what the world is, the truth of individuals, the features of a hand, the quietness of snow falling. The world is the substance of his thought and he is part of it; the stars and land were made for him to use, to see by and to work with; and through his material and the hands which mould it, the eyes which look upon his work, lives the same life, from the one source. Out of that affirmation, the affirmation of love, truth speaks; and poetry comes, as an unexpected flower, out of truth.

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[14] As one who in his sleep sees a vision and, after the dream, bears the imprint of his passion even though the vision itself has gone, so with me, whose vision has all but ended, there remains distilling in my heart the sweetness that was born of it.

Letters in Canada: 1948

PART II

VI. FRENCH-CANADIAN LETTERS

W. E. COLLIN

In his discourses during Lent, *Nos Valeurs humaines,* Father Robert Bernier reminded his audience that "man today is attempting a vaster experience than patriotism or civilization. He wants to construct a human community." While the preacher took occasion to examine the French-Canadian conscience, to call attention to the general lack of moral discipline, his chief purpose was to make clear the role of Christians in the creation of a brotherly community embracing the whole of humanity. He led their minds from the French-Canadian environment to the vaster idea of a Catholic world. The idea of a world community has inspired statesmen and social thinkers to write popular works such as *One World* and *Planetary Democracy,* but in the minds of Catholic churchmen the idea has long had the sanctity of a dogma, the Mystic Body of Christ. Marxism and social Catholicism are formulas of universal solidarity but, says Father Bernier, Catholicism has recourse to supernatural values which alone ensure the success of our collective efforts. "The Church of Christ possesses the accurate vision of the true future city: the union of persons among themselves and with God in eternity. . . . The Church believes that humanity can be saved by love. . . . Humanity must drink at the springs of charity. . . . The world must be converted . . . Christian principles must penetrate all our life." Then the preacher made his special point: "We have, in a sense, been preserved in our good old province of Quebec. For 300 years we have lived more or less apart from world cataclysms. . . . But whoever wishes to reach the fulness of his stature, every nation and every civilization that does not want to lose its vigour, must enter into this immense collective effort." Recent popes, we are told, have recognized the vital need of union. Pope Pius XII has spoken of "making necessary sacrifices to establish an international authority, in favour of which states ought to give up a part of their sovereignty. . . . He has declared the work of the United Nations to be parallel with that of the Catholic Church."

The Abbé Joseph Larochelle's work, *La Solidarité humaine,* is a study of the idea of a world community in its social aspects and as it appears in the writings of the popes during the last sixty years or so, from Leo XIII to Pius XII. M. Larochelle speaks of "the great law of human solidarity, the mutual dependence of all men in the pursuit of happiness." "This doctrine of human solidarity," he says, "is that of the Church. It condemns egoism and class war, but not the distinction of classes. It condemns the absorption of the individual in society, but not society itself. It extols the primacy of the common good, without for that reason sacrificing the rights of the human person." The teaching is summed up in the words of Mgr Donald A. MacLean's introduction: "Only through full realization of the Christian conception of an organic social order embracing all peoples will the maximum common good be secured."

M. Marcel Clément uses the same *mystique* to establish an authoritarian principle of government which sounds to us more Germanic than French. His book, *Esquisses pour l'homme,* contains an authoritarian manifesto and twelve studies of historical figures in whom the principle was incarnated. Man, we are told, who for the first time in his history possesses the certitude and the technical conditions of planetary unity, does not possess the human conditions for such a unity; he needs the "politics of unity," a spiritual power to govern his passions. Such a unity once existed. The spiritual unity of medieval Europe, we are told, guaranteed the Pax Catholica, the only example of a successful peace organization. When it was broken a materialistic conception followed. A spiritual authority universally recognized no longer existed; all was division. There will be no peace save in a spiritually unified world; there will be no love sufficiently strong to contain the passions of men save in the Mystic Body of Christ. The City of God is none other than His Mystic Body. After listening to such a spiritual and peace-loving discourse we are ill prepared to admire certain monsters of destiny who, ostensibly in the name of unity but actually to gain or keep political power, paralysed the will of their adversaries and, without scruple, slaughtered their enemies. M. Clément's god is Louis XIV, for whom he has a mawkish veneration and whose "wealth of personality" dazzles him. Louis XIV, whose birth was "miraculous," obtained by prayer, is the Eternal, the Absolute Monarch, a model of political wisdom and power, the incarnation of Majesty, State, Order, Hierarchy, Discipline. Only slightly less is M. Clément's veneration for Richelieu. In these men he finds the "eternal rule of classical civilization . . . reason, the mind which disciplines . . . measure, equilibrium, grandeur."

"Unity" and "solidarity," like "socialism" and "communism," are terms which social philosophers have inherited from nineteenth-century social romanticism. During the eighteen twenties, thirties, and forties, a period curiously resembling our own, social theorists and reformers such as Saint-Simon, Fourier, and Pierre Leroux, occupied with problems introduced by the Industrial Revolution, constructed future societies on the basis of "universal unity." To Leroux is given the credit of inventing the word "socialism" and "the concept of solidarity." It was Leroux, says Mr. David Owen Evans, who gave this name "solidarity" to "social unity." For Leroux universal solidarity was the road to communion with God, the religion of humanity. Professor Evans, of the University of British Columbia, is one of our best French scholars. For long years he has lived in the atmosphere of French romanticism. His work on romantic drama dates from 1923. In 1929 he published an essay on "Pierre Leroux and His Philosophy in Relation to Literature" which anticipated the major work he has just published, *Le Socialisme romantique: Pierre Leroux et ses contemporains*. Besides being the work of a scrupulous scholar it is a fascinating study of a genius whose influence was amazingly varied and widespread, for it ranged over many fields in France and touched Latin America. George Sand referred to him as "saviour." He was the inspired leader who directed the romantic poets and novelists towards socialism. What Sainte-Beuve did for romantic poetry, Leroux did for romantic ideas: he provided progress, continuity, and human perfectibility with historical bases. "We are not only the sons and the posterity of those who have already lived, but at bottom and really these former generations themselves." Each individual existence is "a link in a chain" joining the past life of humanity with the future. "Each great philosophic monument, indeed, is a result of the past, a stepping-stone to the future. Each philosopher always sets out from the point which science has reached, whether he knows it or not, and never leaves science at the point where it was before he appeared." Under this "law of continuity" Leroux formulated a philosophy of literary history. "Can you," he asked, "separate any work of art, a painting, a statue, a poem, from the age and from the civilization which gave it birth? . . . In the work of an artist there is the reflection of a whole civilization. . . . A note in a concert, a phrase in a discourse, a word in a phrase, cannot be isolated without, at the same time, losing all their value." Professor Evans not only presents Leroux as the reflection, or rather the guiding light, of a whole civilization, but he has done it with a method and a fervour he has caught from the master with whom he has lived so long. He feels that "the age is ripe for a new evaluation of the democratic and social *mystique*."

II

The realization that Canadian life in the modern world is interwoven with the greater life of humanity creates new tensions which are felt in certain pieces of imaginative literature. It also gives a special urgency to historical writings, especially local histories which take the form of parish monographs, histories of colleges, cities, or political constituencies, or local studies by members of regional historical societies.

Parish histories usually begin with the arrival of the first settlers, a hundred, often two hundred or more years ago. Kamouraska, for example, whose history is recorded by the Abbé Alexandre Paradis, dates from 1674. The classical colleges, on the other hand, were founded in the nineteenth century. After the history of Nicolet, Sainte-Hyacinthe, Sainte-Thérèse, L'Assomption, we have the history of the Collège de Sainte-Anne-de-la-Pocatière, or rather the first half-century of its history, from 1827 to

1877. The author, Mgr Wilfrid Lebon, taught Canadian history and inspired his students with a love of race and country. He has made use of college annals and "Souvenances canadiennes," an unpublished work by the Abbé Casgrain, and grouped certain figures, Casgrain, Chapais, and others, like medallions around the founder, the Abbé C. F. Painchaud; together they form part of the "landscape" of Sainte-Anne. The history of the village of La Pointe-Gatineau (1807-1947), on the west bank of the Ottawa where it is joined to the Gatineau, has been written by Dr. Lucien Brault who, a few years ago, gave us a history of Ottawa. To celebrate the 150th anniversary of Petit-Rocher, New Brunswick, Father F. M. Camille has written the history of his native parish. He is a descendant of one of the first families who "planted their tents" on the shores of the Bay of Chaleur, so named by Cartier. The Abbé J. U. Demers, in his history of Sainte-Rose, also takes our minds back to Cartier and to the question of his approach to the island of Montreal, the subject of argument between M. Lanctot and M. Beaugrand-Champagne. In an essay published in the *Cahiers des Dix,* no. 12, M. Beaugrand-Champagne maintains that Cartier approached it by the Rivière des Prairies, that is, from the north. This "nordist thesis" is disputed by M. Lanctot, who apparently maintains that Cartier approached it from the St. Lawrence, that is, from the south. Father Anatole E. Théoret transports us to Manitoba, to Sainte-Rose-du-Lac, two hundred miles or so from Winnipeg, where the first pioneer Métis families settled in the eighteen-nineties. M. J. C. McGee's *Histoire politique de Québec-Est* is the story of the constituency represented at Ottawa by some of the greatest politicians of French Canada: Laurier from 1877 to 1919, Lapointe from 1919 to 1942, and at present by the Prime Minister, M. Saint-Laurent, who regards it as the "symbol of the influence of our people in the politics of the country." Coming from a family of carpenters, and after reading a book on naval construction at Quebec, Dr. Albert Jobin, a retired physician, began collecting material for a history of the shipyards. Again, as most of his life has been spent near shoe factories, his favourite clients being tanners and shoe-makers, he conceived the idea of recalling the beginnings of that industry. Out of such materials he has written a biography of the city (*Histoire de Québec*) from its birth, recalling the names of the first inhabitants, where they settled, how the town grew, what part agriculture, trade, the port, and ship-building have played in its development. The Historical Society of New Ontario, in Sudbury, has this year published three more of its historical documents. Two of them are accounts of the Jesuit martyrs; the other contains sketches, composed with the aid of the *Jesuit Relations,* of three Indian converts, remarkable for their courage and apostolic fervour.

M. Robert Rumilly has departed for a moment from his vast design, his voluminous history of the Province of Quebec, to devote a volume to a particular aspect of Quebec history, the drive towards *L'Autonomie* *provinciale*. For him, the autonomy of Quebec is a matter of vital urgency. Mercier is his hero: "Mercier was the fibre of French Canada, the French-Canadian instinct. He understood that the autonomy of Quebec was a matter of serious importance for the very survival of the French-Canadian spirit. He remained all his reign, the fervent defender of provincial autonomy." There is a constant tension between the federal principle, sometimes identified with British interests, and the provincial principle, the former tending to arrogate to itself exceptional powers in time of war. All along M. Rumilly sees Ontario and Quebec going hand in hand to defend provincial rights against encroachment by the federal government. "The Ontario-Quebec alliance, natural in such matters, is constant all down our history, from Mercier-Mowat to Duplessis-Drew." The problem now is to end the exceptional powers which the federal government has enjoyed since 1939 and remodel the British North America Act so as to define more precisely the rights and powers of the provincial governments. "Quebec can and ought to, as in the days of Mercier, put herself at the head of the provinces."

M. Eugène L'Heureux intended the very title of his book, *Ma Province et mon pays,* to express his loyalty to Canada as well as to Quebec. For thirty years an independent journalist, M. L'Heureux has viewed the affairs of his own province in relation to Canada and the world. In this new book he treats some of the questions he discussed in *Opinions libres,* 1946. Must Quebec leave the confederation or remain within it and be unhappy with her fate? He also considers provincial-federal relations, family problems, domestic services, family allowances, old-age pensions, French Canadians in the civil service. But he is aware that we are passing through a phase of our evolution when all the values of civilization are being questioned. His interest in solving local problems is quickened by his consciousness that civilization is on the march. At present his political sympathies lean towards the Liberal party because he finds that Liberals are real builders, social, national, and international; they continue the work of Lafontaine and Baldwin whom he presents as models to ardent young people who demand a constructive programme for Quebec, Canada, and the world.

Under the title *Canada: Réalités d'hier et d'aujourd'hui,* Variétés have published the lectures delivered by M. Jean Bruchési at the Sorbonne in the spring of 1948. M. Bruchési, who is the author of a popular *Histoire du Canada pour tous,* was well prepared to give his Parisian audience a synthesis of Canadian history. Of the ten chapters, those which deal with Canada's relations with Britain and the United States, intellectual life, and national unity, have a special cogency. They are of necessity sketchy, especially the chapter on our culture, containing notes on educational institutions, learned societies, medical research, music, painting, architecture, and literature; but it is amazing how M. Bruchési packs a wealth of information into such a short space. Whatever may be the merits of his synthetic method, M. Bruchési's graceful style is seen to better advantage in his essays. The very titles of his collections—*Rappels* (1941), *Evocations* (1947)—have a characteristic poetic suggestiveness. The latter collection is made up of such themes as La Salle, Madeleine de Verchères, three centuries of economic history, the historical situation in Garneau's day, Mgr Paul Bruchési, "the Laurier of the Canadian Church," as recorded in his letters. In the *Cahiers des Dix,* no. 12, M. Bruchési published a study of the Canadian Institute in Quebec City and made special reference to the impenitent manners of one of its members, J. G. Barthe, who suffered imprisonment for writing a poem celebrating the exiled patriots of 1839. Barthe "wished to see Canada reconquered by France, if not politically, at least intellectually. . . . And the great means of bringing this about was the affiliation of the Montreal and Quebec Institutes with the Institut de France." But all his hopeful correspondence brought no positive results. Unlike the Montreal Institute, which fell foul of the ecclesiastical authorities, the Quebec Institute still continues to flourish, although it has had to exercise literary censorship. M. Bruchési tells us that pages of a "bad and very dangerous book" by Paul-Louis Courier were excised. *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded* was put out of the way and at one time the Abbé Casgrain took it upon himself to burn certain works. But the Institute's ideal is a noble one. It seeks to inculcate in the public a love of science, history, and literature and it opens its doors for weekly discussions and lectures. In 1948, the Institute celebrated its centenary and published annals to mark the occasion.

The late Berthelot Brunet spoke of M. Bruchési as an historian whose essays "bring us back to the old methods. . . . Jean Bruchési is perhaps the only one of our contemporary historians who continues the old, the unique Garneau." "Modern historians," said Brunet, "have forgotten that history was, for the ages that have gone, what the novel is for us. History without poetry is history no more." Brunet had hardly a word for M. Gustave Lanctot; but he might have classified him as a modern historian, one of those who take the poetry out of history. On the other hand, M. Robert de Roquebrune calls M. Lanctot "the paladin of historical truth in Canada." We noted a moment ago, however, that M. Lanctot's truth about Cartier's approach to the island of Montreal was disputed by a fellow-historian. This year M. Lanctot has turned aside from Cartier's voyages, a subject which has engaged his attention for some years, to take certain writers to task and brand them as falsifiers. He is a scientific historian. "What distinguishes him," says M. Roquebrune, in a preface to *Faussaires et faussetés,* "is his method. When he studies a question he does not let it go until he has exhausted all its substance. . . . He has a holy horror of a work caught in the flagrant act of error. This error he pursues, riddles with proofs and texts, and, when he has demolished it with logic and documents, he changes from accuser to judge and holds out the false book at arm's length before the public, like David holding up Goliath's head before the army of the Hebrews." The first chapter of M. Lanctot's book is a scientific historian's profession of faith and reminds us of Garneau's "preliminary discourse." After quoting the wise word of a master historian, Fustel de Coulanges—"Patriotism is a virtue, history is a science. They must not be confused"—M. Lanctot proceeds:

> As regards the historian, his way is clearly traced. Trained in scientific disciplines, he must not refrain from applying them every time he meets inexactitudes or errors, lies or falsehoods. His profession places upon him the strict obligation to rectify what he knows to be contrary to authentic facts and documentary proofs. Without allowing himself to be moved by the criticisms of pontiffs, the protestations of conformists or the lamentations of sentimental idealists, his business is to bring truth into clear light, even if it should not agree with the affirmations of his thesis, of his country or his religion.

M. Lanctot explodes the story, attributed to La Hontan, that Canada was populated by women of questionable virtue sent out from France. Concerning the exodus of the governing classes after the conquest he makes a distinction: superior officers and high dignitaries left—they were French. But the Canadian *élite* did not leave Canada. He corrects the famous words supposedly uttered by Frontenac, Wolfe, and Brock. Of the pretended adventures of Beauchesne, he says: "they are composed . . . of a succession of episodes amplified or fabricated by Lesage." La Hontan, Hennepin, La Potterie, and Lafitau are all suspect. The "Prince of falsifiers" is the ex-Jesuit, Pierre Roubaud, who fabricated letters and memoirs attributed to Montcalm. The last of M. Lanctot's culprits is Félix Poutré, the false patriot of 1839, from whose fabulous prison experiences young Fréchette composed a drama in three acts which was roundly applauded by the people.

Local history, under the pen of M. Damase Potvin, becomes romance. For many years M. Potvin has been writing historical romances of the Saguenay and the islands of the St. Lawrence. For his recent collection, *La "Dame française" du duc de Kent,* he has drawn on Cartier's *Voyages* and the *Jesuit Relations,* certain biographies, and the work of the provincial archivist. The longest is the romance of the Duke of Kent, a tall military man, as terrible and cruel towards mutinous soldiers as he was tender and chivalrous in the presence of ladies. At a Salaberry reception he met the beautiful Julie de Saint-Laurent and for twenty-eight years they loved each other, until the Duke married Victoria Mary Louisa so that the prediction made by a gypsy woman at Gibraltar might come to pass: "You will have a daughter who will become a great queen." The villa overlooking the Montmorency Falls is a reminder of this "royal idyll." Another of the stories relates how Louis Joliet was made prisoner by William Phipps. Another is an account of an expedition led by Pierre de

Troyes to Hudson Bay during which the first gold to be discovered in Canada was found on the shores of Lake Temiskaming. Compared to the work of the serious historians we have mentioned, the style is undistinguished and the text is marred by frequent mis-spellings, especially of English names.

III

Among the numerous novels that have come to hand we can only give detailed consideration to those which stand out as vital pieces of art or as interesting developments of a *genre*. War books continue to appear, but we can hardly classify them as novels. They are "journals" such as Father Alphonse Claude-Laboissière's *Journal d'un aumônier militaire canadien,* the record of a Franciscan padre's experiences in Scotland, Africa, and Italy. The Abbé Adrien Brault qualifies his work, *De Rome à Montreal, par le chemin le plus long,* as a "lived novel"; his intention, no doubt, was to make us relive his war experiences, but it also is a "personal record." The writer who really succeeds in doing this by an art we can without hesitation call romanesque is Jean Jules Richard. What we feel on reading his *Neuf Jours de haine* is breathless speed, high nervous tensions, intense emotional responses, and this by virtue of the extraordinary fidelity and actuality of his cinematographic art. It is a close-up recording of soldiers' lives during the invasion of Normandy and the occupation of Germany. We are kept tense and breathless as though we were engaged in all these nerve-wracking experiences which end in a paroxysm of hate. Hate, terror, violence, torture are the strikingly new elements in contemporary fiction, and M. Richard uses them very effectively.

The most pretentious novel of the year is M. Roger Lemelin's *Les Plouffe*. Two things stand out in Lemelin's art: the fidelity with which he registers the yearnings and passions that animate young people, especially men, of the working class and the satire on traditional values and all forms of heroism. This second novel centres our interest on a working-class home. M. Lemelin accepts the fact that French-Canadian family life is French and American at the same time and he exploits all the oppositions created by these two antagonistic elements. In general there is a tension between "national" values, represented by the parish priest, and American values, represented by the Reverend Tom Brown, a Baptist minister from Cincinnati. In the home there is tension between the older generation and the younger: the father is anglophobe and fiercely "national"; the mother's favourite picture is Jeanne d'Arc driving the English out of France; but the children are in the main addicted to sport. Pious pictures hang on the walls and sports trophies adorn the buffet. Over all there is a satirical intention: M. Lemelin brings out the tragic pity of young lives, possessed of talents and animated with yearnings which, through ignorance or lack of means or ideological dupery, meet disappointment and defeat. We follow each through the curve of his heroic dream to his commonplace destiny. Despairing himself, the author turns their adventures into mock heroics. The lower town is the cemetery of a whole class of noble ambitions. Ovide Plouffe is perhaps the best specimen of shabby heroism. He works in a shoe factory and has his eye on Rita Toulouse, a girl worker. Thin, nervous, melodramatic, his head rocks with any new idea that makes him feel exalted. He sees himself first as an opera star; later, peeved because his brother takes Rita out, he goes off to a monastery for a while and believes he is the incarnation of charity; during a recruiting campaign he imagines himself as a noble warrior marching with high step to his destiny when, in reality, he is trying to save himself from despair. Rejected at the recruiting office he has to descend from his heroic pose. One night when Rita offers him her body—under the walls of a monastery and within hearing of Gregorian chants—he is tortured by demons and runs to a presbytery where the priest is poring over the Abbé Groulx' famous propaganda novel, *L'Appel de la race*. He becomes an ambulance man and marries Rita. He is the intellectual member of the family. Napoléon, also employed at the shoe factory, marries a consumptive. Guillaume was a marvellous baseball player. The war ruins his prospects of playing for the Cincinnati Reds. After four years at Valcartier he finds himself in Holland where he writes letters which cause his mother to exclaim: "It's incredible. Guillaume killing men!" Cécile is a frustrated spinster, in love with a married street-car conductor. Throughout the narrative runs the thread of the shabby story of Denis Boucher, a friend of the family and a poltroon whose only thought is his own advancement. One of the highlights of the book is the Procession of the Sacred Heart. Thousands of men carrying a monstrance file through the streets imploring: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, spare us from conscription." They are nonplussed when the cardinal sounds a call to war against "the barbaric audacity of a man who has no respect for humanity." "Our allies," he tells them, "have the right to count on our prayers and even on our sacrifices to assure their victory." M. Lemelin's satire is directed against the elements of our society that make capital out of the "religion of race." He seems to strip idealism and glory from life; but the deeper feeling is revulsion against the old values which fail to provide means for the fulfilment of the desires of youth in the modern world.

To turn from M. Lemelin to writers of the stamp of MM. Giroux, Savard, and Charbonneau is like turning from one literary age to another, say from the eighteen-eighties to the eighteen-nineties, from long realistic studies to the literature of climax or poetic essence. Where M. Lemelin spreads a wide net, these men condense the drama of Quebec life into one act. M. Charbonneau and M. Giroux are haunted by the spiritual problem of free men seeking to believe in spiritual values. *Au delà des visages,* the work of M. André Giroux—whom we have known up to now as editor of the Quebec monthly, *Regards*—is a revelation of a superfine literary talent. This work, in a sense, creates a new form. It is an examination of the conscience of a civilization; it takes us into the spiritual world behind our societal masks; it faces the fundamental problem of man's nature, and presents the drama of purity in all its tragic irony. Essentially it is the drama of adolescence, the millenia-old loneliness of the soul goaded by a thirst for knowledge of good and evil. Jacques Langlet, twenty-three years of age, has killed the girl with whom he has spent the night in a hotel and is now in prison. Each chapter of the book is an examination of the reactions of various social types to the crime: that of the lawyer and his wife, the librarian, the father, mother, friends, the parish priest; and each chapter is a sensitive piece of social satire, perhaps that entitled "The Bridge Hour" being the choice résumé of social hypocrisy. As a sample, the lawyer's wife sees the affair as a glorious moment in her husband's career. Tomorrow, she says to herself, my husband will achieve glory, a small glory, it is true, but the provincial newspapers will speak of the trial and, through them, the neighbouring cities will learn of my husband's success. For the first time she congratulates herself on choosing Georges rather than Léon. And a burst of gratitude rises from her heart towards the murderer to whom she owes this joy. The parish priest alone understands the drama and sums it up in a letter to Langlet's mother. He has seen Jacques in prison, "his face illumined with certitude and serenity...."

> In our basely materialistic world, Jacques was the very essence of light. Amidst egoisms, he wished to radiate his generosity and nobility. But the leaden vase of our foul society—often a real prison—did not permit him to shine. . . . In the eyes of our short-sighted society you are the mother of an outcast. In the eyes of God I bear witness that your son is now in intimate communion with Christ. . . . On this occasion the world's judgments can no longer satisfy us. . . . It is a drama of purity. . . . He never accepted sin . . . he never gave it a seductive name, never covered it with a smiling mask. . . . Victim of the eternal thirst for knowledge of good and evil, Jacques wanted to know. But whilst others retained only the taste of the forbidden fruit, he violently spewed the poisoned food out of his mouth. He has known evil, but he has not denied the good. . . . At the precise moment when the illusion fled in shame before the horrible reality, Jacques discovered, in a sudden illumination, what purity is. He recognized it in its greatest splendour, even while he darkened it in his flesh. And in a frightful rending of his soul he felt the agonizing despair of absence. In the space of a flash, he caught sight of a Face which turned away from him. The divine presence abandoned him. He trembled in the cold and darkness of the abyss. . . . He saw red, and he killed in order to remove from his sight, in order to annihilate forever, the instrument of this knowledge and this despair. That is the tragedy.

The progress of M. Charbonneau's art is a most interesting phenomenon. Leaving behind him the simple formula he found in Mauriac he is now beginning to venture on a flood of life such as he finds in Balzac and the American novelists. At first he had to keep to the principal character lest he should lose himself in an art greater than his powers. At a later date, when he felt prepared for vaster designs and meditated on "universal works," he came upon a forgotten value, grandeur. We are evolving, he says, towards a universal human culture transcending national culture; literary works rich in human substance are finding a world audience. But, he laments, there is no hero in modern fiction comparable to Napoleon or St. Vincent de Paul. Since M. Charbonneau views the world through a Christian conscience, the grandeur he wants to find is the grandeur of man's struggle with Satan, with the world. Society, as he sees it in the small town of his novels, the small town in the Eastern Townships where he was raised, is rotten; there is moral squalor and no grandeur, no soul of heroic proportions. There is struggle, but it is struggle for domination of a world without soul. This is the explanation of M. Charbonneau's satirical attitude and the source of his profound revulsion, the distilled bitterness out of which his imagination fashions a charming variety of literary arts.

In his latest novel, *Les Désirs et les jours,* there are two principal characters, Auguste Prieur and Pierre Massénac. They rove the countryside of Deuville together as boys; the lines of their lives separate widely for ten years but, in the end, meet again and become dominant strands in the pattern of Deuville society. Prieur, an intellectual type, grows up to be a lawyer and a representative of Deuville in the legislature. Massénac, who in the end wields the most power in the small town, is a wild youth animated by a brutish courage and a desire to kill. Enraged because he had been abandoned to foster parents and feeling useless with nothing to do, he shipped to the Far East. He soon learned to dominate the squalid, idiotic world aboard ship. He was eventually dismissed by the shipping company as undesirable. Hardened after ten years of commanding Malay and Chinese crews and morally fortified in the possession of a fortune he had accumulated by smuggling, he returns to his native town resolved to have his revenge on the society which had humiliated him as a boy. He buys the local newspaper. From then on the book is a story of moral degeneracy in the ruling cliques, journalistic, legal, and political. Incidentally the new elements in this book no doubt owe something to M. Charbonneau's familiarity with American writers: his dry incisive style, his dynamic method, his exploitation of nightmare, moral torture, physical pain. But the real satire is accomplished by arts of his own. M. Charbonneau illumines the shabby morality of Deuville society by shooting a dart of biting comment into a spectacle, by sketching a "pious" and mean soul in the traditional style of the great French moralists, by juxtaposing a journalist and a priest so as to silhouette black immorality against spiritual candour, by revealing the lewd power-tactic of a small town party organizer. All these arts, with which he is still experimenting, titillate our literary palate while effectively stinging our conscience to healthy revulsion. This small town world is an invertebrate world, a world without soul. There is no grandeur, except perhaps in the indignant author. There is no grandeur, except perhaps in the priest who may one day figure as a great soul in M. Charbonneau's masterpiece.

If M. Pierre Baillargeon is progressing it is in the art of depicting sterility. The title of his latest work, *La Neige et le feu,* is symbolic of the tension between the inner and outer life, the spirit's fire and the barrenness of existence. From his basic position, the life of the mind, he looks out upon existence—education, journalism, politics, religion—and sees inanity, futility, sterility, death, absence of perfection and the eternal values. If there are characters they are ugly, hypocrites, cynics; if there are priests they are defrocked; if there is argument it is inane, futile; if there is marriage it is not union but separation, the defeat of the artist; if there is a sign of life, it dies. His anguish is that in Canada the personality is denied life. The classical colleges mould one type. The principal character in this book succumbs to M. Charbonneau's "temptation to despair" and goes to Paris, in the belief that France frees the personality. M. Baillargeon's art is the expression of sterility: "Our libraries are poor. Like a plant in dry ground which pushes its roots afar in all directions I must draw on Ottawa, Quebec and all the collections in Montreal"; "the eternity of nonentity as civil servant"; "shut up in an office, he lacked sensations." As the essence of life in his novel is sterility, so his eloquence is reduced to essential thought; his brief sentences are consummately organized to stab: "Véritable, son deuil fut son fin." Lucid, disillusioned moralist, M. Baillargeon fixes the last pose of his hero to epitomize the sterility of existence: "That winter he passed all his evenings in a dark room under a grandfather clock or with his forehead against the window pane till he was dizzy, while the snow which fell outside gave to the window the appearance of an hour-glass."

Other writers look through windows and see pleasant valleys. At a moment when industrial life and agricultural life are striving together it is fitting that a Franciscan, Father Fidèle Chicoine, should publish a grammar of country life, or, as he calls it, a *Précis de doctrine rurale*. It was written to stem the exodus from the farms, "to combat the ignorance, error and prejudices which have brought about a dislike for agriculture" and to extol "the dignity of the farmer's life and mission, the grandeur and holiness of his task"—grandeur which has not caught M. Charbonneau's eye as yet. In the novels which extol country life two regions of Quebec figure as earthly paradises: the Laurentians and the Saguenay. The masterpiece of Laurentian idylls is M. Léo Paul Desrosiers' *Sources,* in which a young Montreal *bourgeoise* is wafted into Franciscan ecstasy. M. Pierre de Grandpré's *Marie-Louise des champs* is a variation of this idyll. The heroine is a Laurentian girl who is lured to Montreal by a dream of a larger life. She is introduced to groups of intellectuals; she goes to cinemas, concerts, exhibitions of paintings. But she is soon disillusioned.

The doctor she serves is a Don Juan from whom she has to flee; her lawyer friend, who comes of peasant stock and has a genuine feeling for the country, turns out to be an ambitious young man seeking an advantageous marriage. As she walks along Sherbrooke Street and feels a few drops fall from the trees she thinks of her garden after an autumn shower and sees again "the house in the Laurentians, the farm buildings and the fenced-in fields sleeping under the stars in the vast stillness of the night" and takes the train home. Côme, a childhood friend, meets her with a buggy at the station. He is a big fellow, bony, strong, dressed like a woodsman. He speaks in short measured phrases. As they drive along in the moonlight he begins to laugh: "I was looking at the water in the river. . . . It has a good rocky bottom, well set. Me too, I'm solid and firm. . . . You can count on me, lean upon me, as the river on its rocks."

The Laurentians figure in Mlle Lyse Longpré's *Le Destin s'amuse* as the birthplace and forcing ground of romance. Here, by the lake, the idyll is epitomized, as in M. Desrosiers', in a piece of music, Ravel's *Jeux d'eaux*. The Bertrand and Dumais families, both of Montreal, have summer cottages at the lake. Claire Bertrand, whose passion is painting, is in love with Jacques Dumais, whose ambition is to be a concert musician. He shuts himself up with his piano and all Claire hears is Ravel's *Jeux d'eaux*. There is, however, a description of a night in the mountains, a "première promenade" and "premières confidances" à la Chateaubriand. When the families leave the lake Claire wonders what will become of her love. After giving a successful concert in Montreal, Jacques announces he is going to Paris. In Paris he goes from one success to another. He becomes intimate with a Parisian young lady, Michèle. His letters to Claire become more and more infrequent. Claire falls sick. Broken like a flower in a vase and left to wither, her cheeks become hollow. The Laurentians will restore her. The death of M. Dumais brings Jacques back to Canada and at the end we see him playing Ravel's *Jeux d'eaux* to Claire, who is now his wife, in memory of their first walk together. The story has too many heart-breaks for the simple theme.

Mme C. R. Rouleau's *Laurentian Heritage* is a misnomer. It is a delightful story, written in English with only a trace of French idiom, of a boy's life on a farm near Berthier.

If we transport ourselves down the river to the neighbourhood of Tadoussac we shall find Father F. A. Savard's parish of St. Basque, shut in between hills and river.

> The people there live in the bosom of a great calm. Apart from Maltais, the miser, and the rich man Denis, no one worried about the future, which was the lofty business of God the Father. . . . They were poor perhaps. But one thing was certain: that gum, corn-flowers, all kinds of game and any number of excellent things besides would not fail to return around the same date and without anyone having to see to it. The present was a sort of beautiful, tranquil Sunday, almost solid . . . and on the wings of this immutable

peace the human soul could fly towards the most mysterious heights. And the folk of St. Basque believed that it would always be like that.

It is a happy valley nestling in the bosom of Providence. But it is held, as in a vise, by greedy, old, asthmatic Maltais, who lives alone with his one thought, money, and Denis, the land-grabber. Poverty is the common lot. The prevailing atmosphere is charity. And Geneviève, the principal character of *La Minuit,* is the incarnation of these two virtues. Every day she goes over to Maltais' place, sweeps his house, makes his tea, prepares his gruel; but the miserly Maltais, sitting by the fire reciting the names of his debtors, never gives her anything by way of recompense. Geneviève has a houseful of children, the oldest of whom, Jeanneton, is away in the bush with his father, Gabriel, helping to support the family. With the others at her skirts, she gathers herbs with which she makes infusions for the sick. When her simples fail, she offers prayers. One night, as she was packeting her herbs, her heart filled with bitterness. She did not want to possess the earth, as M. Savard's reference to Christ's temptation on the mountain might lead us to think. She merely wanted her husband and her children around her, and to live without fear among the humble fruits of the earth. Inwardly she rebelled against the loneliness and deprivation, against ungrateful, miserly folk, against the winter. But at Christmas, Gabriel and Jeanneton will return. And M. Savard's narrative leads us towards Christmas and its midnight mass as to the star of hope. Meanwhile, one of the boys of St. Basque, Corneau by name, has ventured out over the hills and returned with a story of the cities he has seen, a story which destroys the immemorial peace of the valley. Speaking to a group of fishers on the river bank he told them that "in other places the poor folk have accomplished great things. . . . In St. Basque, they continued to suffer because they were willing to suffer; because they were inert and divided, content to grumble without doing anything. In the cities, the weak had united their weakness and it had become a force for justice. . . . Presently the humble would exalt themselves, take their cause in their own hands and at St. Basque, if they so wished. . . ." This biblical language was familiar and yet strange to their ears; the author speaks of it deluding simple souls. Geneviève sees the poor rising in the name of justice. She begins to neglect her sick. Then as Christmas comes nearer, Gabriel and Jeanneton return from the bush—Gabriel exhausted, sick unto death. After the departure of Corneau, hope, charity, pity again enter the valley. In an atmosphere of benediction, as Christmas bells ring out midnight and the little shepherds go in to the infant Saviour, and as Geneviève murmurs "The Word was made flesh," Gabriel drops his head and dies.

What is the meaning of this story, so richly charged with evangelical symbolism? Blessed are the poor and charitable who trust in Providence. It is the triumph of the Christian virtues over worldly temptations; the acceptance of poverty and death transfigured by charity and Christian hope. St. Basque is a valley of saints: Gabriel, Geneviève, old François the blacksmith. In a peaceful valley of French Canada, shut in from the world, saints of our day are subjected to a new torment. Geneviève is the most sorely tried because she has given most and suffered most. If charity is the giving of self, she is charity. And she is tempted to ask: Where is the justice? M. Savard's symbolism, his mysticism of nature, his sensitive prose are powerful charms. Yet, strangely enough, we are left with a feeling that Corneau's word continues to echo in Geneviève's heart.

Among the hills of the upper Saguenay, on a highly romantic (one might almost say obsolete) stock, M. Albert Gervais in *La Déesse brune* has grafted a theological adventure. A young man, called to a holy life and about to take his vows in a monastery in the Peribonka district, is a victim of sorcery. An Indian sorceress, by her fire ritual, burns the monastery and inflames the novice's heart with passion for her daughter, "the dark goddess." Most of the story concerns Léonard Chanclos' bewitchment, his life with his Indian mistress, and his return, an exhausted despairing man, to the site of the ruined monastery, which he dreams of rebuilding. Only at odd moments do we glimpse a theological or mystical interpretation of adolescence: innocent man finds a first and true way; bewitched by passion he departs from the first way; but after, languid and full of remorse, he returns to seek the inner peace of a childhood sanctuary, to recover what was lost: order, certitude, a rule, a true way. We remember the preface M. Gervais wrote to his *La Nouvelle Pléiade* (1946) in which he called for a return to the classical spirit in poetry. It is rather odd that he should employ his classical talents, his extraordinary narrative gift, and his command of clear and altogether charming prose, on an ultra-romantic theme. No doubt the explanation is that M. Gervais is a classicist endowed with a warm imagination.

The ironical humour of M. Roger Viau's short stories, *Contes en noir et en couleur,* is the product of his desire to ridicule all forms of romance: love, the aristocratic and knightly ideals, success. The Laurentians lose their idyllic glamour and become ugly, mean, especially in "Pastorale." The Séguin farm has been dominated, since the mother's death, by a hunch-back daughter who imposes revolting tasks on her attractive sister and consistently thwarts her love affairs. Finally, she is thrown into a lake by the enraged lover. "Passé indéfini" is the comedy of a Laurentian lady grown old and wealthy in virginity. "Prospérité" ridicules the embarrassment of a Jewish merchant who trades on the black market and his efforts to dispose of the thousand-dollar bills that keep piling up in his safe. He buys a villa in the Laurentians, frequents night-clubs, and keeps a dancing-girl. The fear of government investigators haunts him until he gives the contents of his safe to masked burglars and feels relieved of his fear. "Misfortune had struck this happy family; they had fallen into the most extravagant opulence."

IV

As this year's poetry ranges from simple romantic art to more difficult mystical and metaphysical art we shall begin with the simple. Madame Roger Meunier's *Papillons noirs* are intimate expressions of the romantic feminine heart suffering the tortures of absence. The poems in Mlle Liliane Vien's *Pater* show us that this poet's affections are mingled with religious feelings. Brother Georges' *Sonnets évangéliques* point the moral given in his quotations from the gospels and the saints: a spiritual lesson of renunciation of the world and union with God. M. Charles E. Harpe's *Les Oiseaux dans la brume* are nature poems. They are often strongly tinctured with religious feeling, but his "pastels" are pure impressions of nature, weathery and seasonal. The poem to his father, a sailor, is one of the best. Now and again a certain clear sentiment stands out: the vitality of his race, the constancy of its faith. Similar sentiments appear in M. J. D. Poirier's *La Vie est belle!* One hears all kinds of songs—harvest songs, snow songs, religious songs, songs in praise of country life and the Christian virtues of order, charity, and temperance; one sees peasant dances and consecrated rustic rituals, but the poetic quality is as thin as the human substance is light and sentimental.

To find real poetry of "race" and country life we must turn to M. Alfred DesRochers and M. Georges Boiteau. M. DesRochers is best known for "Je suis un fils déchu" and "Hymne au vent du nord." M. Luc Lacourcière has had the happy thought to reprint the poems of M. DesRochers' *A l'ombre de l'Orford* (1930) in his "Nénuphar" collection of the best Canadian authors, together with thirteen new poems of "Le Cycle du village." M. DesRochers dedicates this cycle to Mme Guèvremont whose "Tour du village," he says, took him back to his childhood. Each of these poems is a character sketch of a village type: the miller's wife, the baker's wife, the milliner, tanner, shoe-maker, carpenter, wheelwright, butcher, wool-comber, harness-maker—all but the candlestick-maker. We are reminded of the art of Jean de Bosschère. M. DesRochers would have his children, raised in the city, observe these artisans transformed by love of their trade, and learn "the reason of life and the sense of form."

M. Georges Boiteau inherited from his father a wild instinct for adventure, an impelling love of the northern forests. We must not confuse forest and *terroir,* M. Boiteau warns us in the Preface to his collection of poems entitled *En marchant vers le nord.* "The *terroir* is the region where the farmer and the plough turn the earth over—the inhabited countryside. But the forest is the vast region of hard, rugged, delightful and healthy life—a paradise for him who cares to approach it and understand it." M. Boiteau feels like a Columbus as he goes off into the unknown north, to survey it, to "relive the Indian life of the North." His delight is to roam the cold northern lakes and forests, the habitat of bear, wolf, and porcupine, to watch the golden arrows of the northern lights fill the sky over Hudson Bay. If M. DesRochers' hymn is to the north wind, M. Boiteau's is to the conifers of the north country.

With Jean Narrache we are in the city again, in that section recently revealed to the reading public of America by Gabrielle Roy. Jean Narrache is the chronicler, the mouthpiece of the poor, struggling workers. *Bonjour, les gars!* contains forty-one poems and twenty pages or so of autobiography, both sections permeated with incisive social criticism. Jean Narrache is the pen name of Emile Coderre. Having lost both mother and father in early childhood, he was adopted by his aunt at the Pension Laberge in Montreal. Botrel once stayed here. Dressed in Breton costume —breeches, black velvet vest with silver buttons, wide-brimmed hat with long black ribbon—the Breton poet made a deep impression on the boy. And there is little doubt that when the boy grew up to sing in a rough style of the poverty-stricken, despised, and rejected workers who came to his drug-store in Saint-Henri, he remembered Botrel's songs and poems which speak of Breton lads who face life and death on the Newfoundland Banks. The substance of this poetry is poverty and physical and moral decadence; the accent is a cry of pity and a revulsion against all forms of exploitation. The poor are not ridiculous, grotesque, despicable, says Jean Narrache. They are to be pitied. Under their rags a human heart is beating, capable of deep faith, superhuman crucifixions, resignation, "simple sublime things of which so many hearts beating under immaculate shirt-fronts and flowered corsages would be utterly incapable." "Soulographie" describes the moral degradation brought about by liquor drinking. Organized charities, philanthropists, and knaves who make capital out of debauched wretches come under the acid pen of the author's condemnation. He is especially incensed against "millionaire brewers who stuff them with gorgeous orchestral delights by way of thanks for having gorged themselves with beer while their children go without milk." The worker's "Prayer before the Sun Life" is a masterpiece of bitter irony.

J'vous prie, mon Yeu, donnez un' chance
A tous les r'leveurs du pays,
Roug's, câill's, bleus ou ben roug's bleuis!
J'vous prie pour tous les spécialisses
De notre ardent patriotisse;
Pour tous les sauv'teurs patentés
D'notr' chère et sainte Liberté;
Pour tous les députés honnêtes
Qui vid'nt nos poch's et s'pay'nt notr' tête;
Pour tous ces "frèr's du travailleur"
Qui viv'nt d'notr' travail et d'nos sueurs;
Pour tous les sout'neurs d'la Grand' Cause,
Chaqu' fois qu'ça leu rapport' queuqu' chose;
Pour nos professeurs d'idéal
Qui s'défil'nt quand ça va trop mal;
Pour les grands défenseurs à gages
De notr' "magnifique héritage". . . .

The best of the new poetry is the work of Mlle Simone Routier, MM. André Béland and Alain Grandbois. Mlle Routier's mysticism is a sublimation of human love, the authentic voice of which she finds in David's Psalms and Solomon's Song. She could forget all other books to cleave to this most ancient literature of lamentation, praise, and union with the Beloved. All the world for her is strewn with corpses; she has met anguish and death, and finally light. With tears of joy she gives herself entirely to the Lord; the Lord is her keeper and she would dwell in his tent forever. *Le Long Voyage* is her journey along the mystic way, through renunciation of the world, the flesh, and the devil to absorption in God's love. For a while Mlle Routier dwelt apart from the world in a Dominican convent. The daily offices in the monastery are occasions for the meditations and poems in this volume and *Les Psaumes du jardin clos*. In her cell every vestige of the world capitulates except the memory of her "grand Louis" and the projected honeymoon in Africa which turned into a flight from France at the time of the invasion. Her ecstasy is expressed in a metaphor, the ocean, which she expands into a real picture of salt water, sand, seaweed and shell-fish, and the Divine Fisher. "Enter into the ocean of God's love, trust yourself to the water, let yourself be caught in the net of the Divine Fisher, let grace envelop you, penetrate you in all directions . . . only by being wholly rolled in its bosom, dead to the sand of your will, can you be born again." These meditations and exaltations naturally fall into biblical forms: repetitive phrases, parallel constructions, rhyming couplets resembling verses of the Bible. But Mlle Routier also uses a new strophe composed of four lines with a loose one something like a chorus response to a priestly recitative.

Lust, not love, an ocean of debauchery, not the ocean of God's grace, is what we have in M. André Béland's *Escales de la soif*. M. Béland's *Orage sur mon corps* (1944) was a preparation for these storms over his body always a-tremble with forbidden passions. M. Béland is a real poet with a devil in his body. He has seen many lands; his metaphors include ocean and air. He mentions France, Africa, and Asia; he is preparing a "Moroccan Diary." At Nice he may have remembered Apollinaire; in Morocco, Gide. His imagination is possessed by red-haired devils, negresses, ephebes, "drowned corpses in a pestilential Seine"—emblems of his lust, spleen, ennui. He is akin to Baudelaire; his poems have the night scent of "flowers of evil"; yet his artificial paradises are tinged with spiritual reminiscences, even if he recalls spiritual things in order to revile them. He speaks of "cette chienne de vie," this cruel, wicked life, as a black road along which he goes aimlessly and "without being able to turn back to pick up the shoe he has dropped." That is, perhaps, the constricting rule he learned as a boy. At the stopping places along this road where thirst has led him he hesitated and "wondered whether he should drink or die, whether the purity of the frigid waters was worth more than the marshes of desire." He has preferred to drink. Drunk with animal spirits, he insolently reviles the Holy Ghost, madonnas, guardian angels, and the idea of eternity. All around him is a hot desert and, like a sailor in port, he is irresistibly drawn to the artificial paradise of a cabaret. The familiar nature symbols—deep nights, clouds, moon and stars—create new sensations as M. Béland uses them, for example, in "Baignade," to picture "eternal swimmers" in debauchery. M. Béland has introduced these new shivers into French-Canadian poetry.

Perhaps the easiest key to M. Alain Grandbois' new collection of poems, *Rivages de l'homme,* is the introductory stanza to Lamartine's famous poem. M. Grandbois' metaphysics is based on the idea of man on an ocean of eternal night, always driven towards the sombre abyss of eternity, without the possibility of return or of anchoring for a single day. "Man has no port, time has no shore; it flows and we pass." But unlike Lamartine, who hastens to enjoy the momentary intoxication of happiness, Grandbois accepts the ocean of eternal night and the consequent torment of a shore where man's desires and aspirations might find anchorage.

Je tremble de joie de désespoir
Je tremble de l'inépuisable angoisse
Du rivage de l'homme
Aux racines de sa fixité. . . .

Like certain English metaphysical poets, he is "espoused" to death. Over the ocean of eternal night he must take her by the hand. But he would postpone the marriage till tomorrow, for he has not lived yet: he has seen nothing, tasted nothing, suffered nothing. His covenant with death intensifies the anguish of his desire for life; and what his poetry gives us is the tender pity of reaching out for the enchanted islands he must pass on his voyage, according to the law of "inflexible destiny," of "inexorable time." Who will deliver him from the prison of his desires, from his living death? In the darkness who will show him a way? Who will fill his imploring hands? Dawn is the mockery of a hope, of a prayer. To be delivered from the "cruel and dangerous warmth of a mother's womb" into the light of day is bitter irony. With M. Grandbois, then, all romance is felt ironically; all his poetry is infused with the tragic pity of dear things that are dead.

Les désirs immenses qui ne sont pas remplis. . . .

O Belle aux yeux morts. . . .

L'accès m'est interdit
Des fontaines jaillissantes. . . .

La suprême illusion
Des crépuscules perdus. . . .

Memory, which recalls these dear dead things, is a torture. All the things he has seen and loved; all the excitement of life, all the calls to love's adventure, symbolized by "the islands of the night" and "the labyrinth of the archipelagos," the "wet flower-garden" of his childhood, the "beautiful laughing young woman" who was his mother—all are silent, dead. His mother he has sought everywhere; but she is "everywhere else," "beyond all likely frontiers . . . among the frightening cosmographies of the worlds." Perhaps through her he might have learned the secret of life that knows not death.

> Mais peut-être aurais-je par elle possédé
> Au delà des mémoires abolies
> Au delà des temps révolus
> L'immortel instant
> Du silence de sa nuit. . . .

"Let us be silent," then. "Nothing can recommence. We must forget the lamps, the sacred hours. Let us prepare our tender ashes for the great inexorable silence."

The idea of man's "voyage" occasionally inspired nineteenth-century poets, but M. Grandbois has made it the vehicle of metaphysical anguish. A shoreless ocean, eternal night, the barrenness of the centuries, the millions of dead singers under the earth, flat polar ice, land of humiliated stars—all the wealth of cosmic images with which his poetry is laden are symbols of our spiritual condition which chill us with wonder and awe.

"What must we look for in a poem?" asks François Hertel in the introduction to his *Quatorze: Choix de sonnets.*

> Two things in my opinion: a rhythm and an incantation. . . . What I call incantation is a special form of concrete thought, peculiar to each poet. . . . It is the offering of a conception of the world. In this sense every poet is a philosopher. . . . It is an ontological attitude, rather than an explanation that I am trying to propose. The reader must know that the authentic poet offers him a sort of ontology. In the present context I do not like this word very much, nor the word metaphysical. The term ontophysical does not exist; but it would be less inexact. It would have the advantage of suggesting the discovery of being, through concrete reality and not through logic nor beyond biological resonances.

This "ontophysical" attitude is Hertel's new discovery. Last year the "new" thing was existentialism. In the years before that it was metaphysical poetry or personalism. Oppressed by what he calls the "conformism" of Quebec, Hertel, like M. Baillargeon's hero, has yielded to the temptation of despair. He has gone to Paris where he has published this series of sonnets. In these poems of chaste form he tells us that he has passed the meridian of his life and his soul, quivering like a lambkin, quietly reposes in his being. Bored and lonely he would like to put off the terrestrial burden of his body and roll himself in death far from the heavy despairs which lie in things.

V

Three or four very interesting critical works were published this year. Sister Joseph Mary Cousins' dissertation for the "doctorat d'université," *Le Sentiment chrétien dans l'œuvre de Louis Bertrand,* is, according to Professor Viatte, the best that has been presented at Laval up to now. It was after travelling in Africa and Palestine that Louis Bertrand found his way back to the Catholic Church. He is known as an historian and novelist, but especially as the biographer of St. Augustine and St. Theresa. Sister Joseph Mary was struck by the Christian feeling which animates the greater part of his work and she has concentrated her attention upon that. After living in the spirit of Bertrand and his favourite saints, she concludes:

> Louis Bertrand understands the thirst of the human heart for God and the life beyond . . . he is convinced that the Christian life is not only the one inner source of life for human souls, but that it is also the one civilizing power in the world . . . he proclaims his deep faith in the civilizing mission of the Church and proves the advantages and value of the Catholic doctrine . . . he reminds us of all that the Church, thanks to Augustine, has done to overcome social difficulties and how it calms the troubles and inquietudes of the human soul. He maintains that Christianity has never failed, that it offers a remedy for all our ills.

What interests us particularly in M. Gilles Langlois' study of that strange apostle of poverty, Léon Bloy, *Un Mendiant de la souffrance: Léon Bloy,* is the third part in which he passes judgment on Bloy's suffering, beginning with a "natural explanation" of it and passing to the "Christian sense of suffering." M. Langlois finds the secret of Bloy's "sensitive, ailing, melancholy, and sometimes unbalanced, temperament" in his letters to his fiancée:

> I remember when I was a boy, a very small boy, I often refused, indignantly and rebelliously, to take part in pleasures the very thought of which intoxicated me with joy, because I found it more noble to suffer and to make myself suffer by refusing. . . . Instinctively, I courted misfortune, I wanted to be miserable. The very word misery transported me with enthusiasm. I think I got that from my mother whose Spanish soul was both ardent and sombre, and for me the principal attraction of the Christian religion has been the immensity of the sufferings of Christ, the grandiose, the transcendental horror of his Passion.

And it seems true that Bloy never lost the immense naïveté of his boyhood soul. Temperamentally sad, Bloy was almost driven to despair by poverty and the "cold shoulder" of contemporary writers. He had a peculiar sense of the communion of saints. His notion of "the solidarity by which each person, by his acts, is responsible for the salvation or damnation of other persons supernaturally related to him," according to M. Langlois, "gives a Catholic mentality to his life and also to his doctrine, despite several exaggerations in its application." His cries of anguish and despair were momentary; his true sentiments are expressed in his habit of taking communion, his submission to God's will, his delight in meditating on the Beatitudes. Suffering is the result of disobedience; because of his sin man carries in him the law of suffering. This is the traditional teaching of the Church and this is what Bloy felt. But suffering is not the final end of man. In the hierarchy of values, Bloy seems to put suffering before love. As M. Langlois says, "in his models of suffering he seems to consider their suffering to the detriment of the mysteries and the other virtues." And we agree with the author that, "these demands or consequences of Bloy's thoughts on suffering contain a danger of exaggeration and even deformation. . . . It is dangerous to have the impression that the true model of a Christian is the poor man who suffers persecution; in short, the Christian as Léon Bloy understood him and the Christian he was himself." The second danger, the danger of deformation, is to put "the suffering, the macerations and mortifications that a person inflicts upon himself" before Christ's last commandment, love.

We have two works by M. Roger Duhamel, the well-known journalist and critic. The first, *Littérature,* is a collection of twenty-six studies of French literary figures, from Villon to Chardonne. The second is a book of selections from the French moralists. The various studies of *Les Moralistes français,* says M. Duhamel, "have no visible link between them"; yet it is quite probable that in them he has sought to "prolong the life of certain dear ideas." M. Duhamel's "dear ideas" are those we have in mind when we speak of the French classical spirit and Catholic morality: unity, order, discipline. His critical faculty "plays constantly on two registers," the classical and the ecclesiastical, by virtue of which he moves with equal assurance in all literary climates, the moral climate of Montaigne, the heroic climate of Corneille, the *fantaisiste* climate of Giraudoux or Max Jacob. He is most at home, however, in the *grand siècle.* In the "century of unity" he admires "the marvellous constitutional architecture of the French monarchic order," the "honour" which at its peak becomes heroism and a kind of Christian stoicism, the "classical doctrine" which "proceeds from a scholastic and Thomist conception," the "hierarchy and order" which replaced "the anarchy of preceding ages." At times M. Duhamel's religious feeling dictates uncritical commonplaces: Villon is "a Catholic poet *par excellence";* Péguy is "a herald of God." At others it presents him with luminous insights: "the best thing about Max Jacob's poetry is that it reconciles the Divine presence with the overflowing joy of the creature"; Rimbaud's *Une Saison en enfer* "is the vertiginous descent to the abysses of a tortured soul which feels itself abandoned by the world, by men and by God."

A few years ago, after presenting a doctoral dissertation on J. J. Rousseau at the University of Toronto, Miss M. B. Ellis became Professor of French Literature at Marianopolis College in Montreal. Interested primarily in French literature, she soon made the acquaintance of French-Canadian scholars and writers. The amazing thing is that, having resided only a short while in Quebec, she has given us a study of a Canadian writer, *Robert Charbonneau et la création romanesque,* which is a model of a critical essay, remarkable for its concision and penetration, a fine piece of "creative" criticism, as Father Lacroix has pointed out. The secret is her interest, her scholarly habits, and her familiarity with the best French criticism of our day. What strikes us particularly in this essay is the intuition which enables her to interpret Charbonneau's work as a confrontation of modern man and the Christian spiritual ideal. Careful reading and a delicate weighing of matter are a scholar's marks; but what wins our admiration is the new vision of the characters and the spiritual crises, the peaks, revealing, as it must do, a new meaning to any reader of Charbonneau's novels. The importance, not to say the nobility, of Charbonneau lies in the fact that he views the world through the light of a Christian conscience and takes that conscience as a guide in his appreciation of aesthetic values. When, in Dr. Ellis's essay, we read such phrases as "all these characters live for us," "a living individual whom we know," we are reminded of the word "correspondence" which Charbonneau uses so frequently in *Connaissance du personnage,* so often that we may speak of his "theory of correspondence." To turn our conscience upon a character in a book and seek in him that which "corresponds" to our knowledge and sympathy is, for Charbonneau, a way of testing the vitality of a character and the substance of a book. Lately, as we have already noted, Charbonneau has been meditating upon the grandeur of the Christian *mystique.*

The question of the Christian critic's approach to art is examined in Father Eugène Lefebvre's *La Morale, amie de l'art* which is interesting because of its reference to so many critical authors. Father Lefebvre concludes: "The remedy for the sensualism which flows in the veins of contemporary literature is the return to a more fervent Christian life. . . . The Christian artist will be cured when he feels that Christian living comes before his art."

M. Louvigny de Montigny is a translator by profession. Thirty or more years ago he published a work on *The French Language in Canada.* His particular interest is in keeping that language pure, in safeguarding that national treasure. Most of the discussion in *Ecrasons le perroquet!* centres upon anglicisms such as "How are you?" "Excuse my glove," "best seller." One word that annoys him is "Les flics!" a slang expression he has noticed in Lemelin's *Au pied de la pente douce.* "Neither Lemelin nor any other novelist has heard it used in our alleys." It is a Parisian slang expression for policemen and Roger Duhamel suggests that it is a sign of the influence of French movies.

VI

La Palme—Issaurel is a biography of two opera singers who had a large part in the development of vocal art in Quebec, by a pupil, Romain Gour. Béatrice La Palme, a violinist at the outset of her career, won a scholarship to the Royal College of Music in London. With Albani, her compatriot, she played before the king. It was Albani who advised her to leave her violin for opera. As Musette in *La Bohème* she played in the company of Melba and other famous artists. She spent four years at the Opéra Comique in Paris where she received "the best training in the world" under the tenor Duchesne. At Royan she met the tenor Salvator Issaurel whom she married. After many years touring France and America, Issaurel gave up singing for teaching and devoted the last years of his life to his school in Montreal. The book is valuable for the light it throws on the history of music in Quebec, from the "grand lyrical movement" of 1911 to 1920, and for the excerpts it gives from Issaurel's critical articles on the art of singing.

Prosper Emile Bernard's ancestors were farmers who had been established in the valley of the Richelieu for two hundred years. His parents, after many changes of domicile, came to rest near Edmonton. At college, Prosper Emile felt called to the mission field, but it was many years later, in 1938 when he was thirty-five years of age, that he sailed for China. Two years of intensive study of Chinese in the Jesuit school at Pekin prepared him for his arduous labours in the village of Taitaolow. The Japanese were already in the region and it was at the hands of a Japanese civil official, and after incarceration in a concentration camp, that Prosper Emile and his Canadian companions met their death. Father Antonio Dragon has written an excellent book on Father Bernard, quoting extensively from circular letters to Canadian friends. They contain descriptions of the Chinese landscape, temples, city streets, and hungry crowds. The best passages, perhaps, describe the "organic desolation" Father Bernard felt in his hopeless struggles with the language and the discipline of "adapting himself," as the Jesuits say, to new ways of life, his difficulty as an Occidental in seeing the Orient as it really is. The problem was to become Asiatic with the Asiatics. Father Bernard came to prefer everything Chinese—the Chinese physiognomy, Chinese dress, Chinese umbrellas— to respect and love a nation which can still laugh even if it is hungry, a nation unsoftened by modern comfort, whose faith is in family traditions and the good earth.

Cinquante Ans au pays des neiges is a missionary's own account of his life, fifty years of which were spent in the polar regions of the Canadian North-West. The three volumes which Mgr Gabriel Breynat has written since his retirement in 1942 as first Apostolic Vicar of the Mackenzie represent an enormous effort for a man of eighty. His first volumes were entitled *Chez les mangeurs de caribou* and *Voyageur du Christ*. This third one, *L'Evêque volant,* recounts his experiences as a "flying bishop" who visited his widely scattered missions by aeroplane and, in addition, gives an account of the founding of Eskimo missions by Mgr Fallaize. On the cover is an illustration of a bishop outstretched, as it were, along the fuselage of a plane on skis, his right arm pointing ahead, his left hand holding his crozier. It is a reproduction of a bronze shield over the door of the reception hall in the French Embassy at Ottawa. When the building was constructed the French Ambassador "wished to commemorate the civilizing action" of the Catholic missionaries and Mgr Breynat, known as the "flying bishop," was chosen to symbolize this activity. Mgr Breynat's work will occupy an important place in the history of missionary literature.

VII

Only one travel book has come to our notice but, in contrast with those recent books which take us around South America by air calling at embassies and clubs in capital cities, it has the advantage of keeping us on the ground close to concrete realities. M. Jacques Hébert's *Autour des trois Amériques* describes the adventures of four Montreal students who tried to make the tour of Central and South America in a fifteen-year old Chevrolet coupe with trailer. These young men travelled as far as they could over the Pan-American highway. Sometimes the road ended and they had to ship on a coastal vessel to regain it. Sometimes they found themselves bogged down in mud-holes or obliged to ford rivers. They roared over long stretches of shore line and climbed dangerously up and down the precipitous Andes; they passed through capital cities and slept in Indian huts. Wherever they went they were received with cordial hospitality, except by customs officials. When their car had reached the limits of its endurance, the adventurers returned to Montreal by air. Photographs and an easily legible type add to the attraction of the book.

VIII

Among the remaining material is a work on political economy by Professor François Albert Angers, *Initiation à l'économie politique,* "with applications to Canada." Father Roméo Girard's *Qui vous mène?* is a propaganda pamphlet. Popular opinion leads the world these days and as opinion is formed by speeches and radio, and, especially, by the newspaper, the author turns his readers from subversive newspapers to Catholic ones which give their readers "the social doctrine of the Church, the torch of justice and charity and happiness for all classes of society." Hermas Bastien's *L'Ordre Hospitalier de Saint-Jean-de-Dieu* is the history of a charitable institution which developed out of the work of a sixteenth-century Portuguese saint known as John of God. John of Avila, the great preacher, directed him to Granada where he found a house for rent and set up a hospital for the poor. He furnished it with beds, at the head of which he placed a wooden cross and, with bag and saucepans hanging from a cord around his neck, he went out begging food for his inmates. In Canada three names stand out in the history of this congregation: Achille David, Brother Laurent, and Olivar Asselin. Of this last figure, one of our greatest journalists, M. Bastien writes: "For six years he had consecrated all his activity, all his leisure, all his organizing talent to a work of charity." M. Bastien's work reminds us of M. Léon Gérin's study of a "type" of charitable institution. M. Gérin is known as "the father of Canadian sociology" and we take this opportunity of reminding our readers that Fides have this year published a new edition of his famous work, *Le Type économique et social des Canadiens.* M. Gérin's sociology is not unrelated to the new kind of geography known as "human geography." Professors of geography will be grateful to the Institut Scientifique Franco-Canadien for publishing the three imposing volumes of M. Raoul Blanchard's description of Quebec, the last of which, *Le Centre du Canada français,* describes the landscape and explains the physical and human features of the centre of the province, the region of the St. Lawrence, the Eastern Townships, and the Laurentians, a territory populated by some 745,000 souls. M. Blanchard is Dean of the Faculty of Letters of Grenoble University. We hope, too, that another French geographer, M. Pierre Deffontaines, who is to teach at Laval University, may find some human aspect of the Laurentians interesting enough to arrest his attention. M. Deffontaines is co-editor of a new French review, *La Revue de géographie et d'ethnologie* in which he has published an essay on the classification of kinds of life in mountain regions. We shall be interested to note whatever influence this human approach to geography may exert on imaginative literature in the near future.

There is a growing class of literature composed of studies by religious teachers. Into it fall such works as Father Jean Pétrin's *Connaissance spéculative et connaissance pratique;* the Abbé Stanislas Cantin's study of the soul, *Précis de psychologie thomiste,* prefaced with a long dissertation on the same theme by Professor Charles de Koninck; Father Lucien Roy's treatise on mystic grace, *Lumière et sagesse;* Father J. B. Desrosiers' on charity, *Par-dessus tout . . . la charité;* Father Rodrigue Normandin's exposition of the theology of hope, *Une Grande Oubliée: L'Espérance.* They deserve our consideration and appreciation since they are scholarly works of teachers who have tried to solve problems they have met with in their teaching, or preachers who seek "to bring light into our minds, warmth into our hearts, Christian peace and happiness into our souls." Each year, in November, the Institut d'Etudes Médiévales Albert-le-Grand of Montreal celebrates its patron saint by inviting a recognized master of medieval thought to speak on some theme that interests the theologians, philosophers, and historians of the Middle Ages. M. Etienne Gilson, who was invited to deliver the first lecture in 1947, spoke on *Philosophie et incarnation selon Saint Augustin.* In the same order of scholarly studies we may mention *Théologie,* cahier IV and *Sciences ecclésiastiques.* Both are volumes of essays on religious themes, the first a Dominican publication and the second a new review published by the Jesuit faculties of theology and philosophy at Montreal.

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VII. NEW-CANADIAN LETTERS

Watson Kirkconnell

The most significant single item among the New-Canadian books of the year under review is a monumental volume of Icelandic verse; the *Collected Poems* of Guttormur J. Guttormsson, of Riverton, Man. Mr. Guttormsson, whose seventieth birthday has just been an occasion for community celebration, is the chief living Icelandic poet and dramatist in

Canada. Born in Manitoba in a pioneer community, he lives today on the ancestral farm and fulfils the arduous tasks of backwoods agriculture; but recognition has come to him in ample measure, both in Canada and in Iceland.

His poetry is almost entirely lyric, in a wide range of Icelandic metres. His dominant gift of symbolism, strongly evidenced in his dozen prose dramas, suffuses most of his verse as well. Thus his "Toadstool" (p. 125), reminiscent of Shelley's "Sensitive Plant," obviously carries overtones of human significance.

TOADSTOOL*

Hollow white column of an art carbonic,
Living and hale are you, and yet not fair.
Only rank breath of tombs for you is tonic,
Perpetual damp and raw, unchanging air.
These are the foods to which you owe your vigour;
In such a realm you ripen and grow bigger.

It is a twilight world of age and squalor
In which your soul can flourish and delight;
And lest swift death on you should loose its choler,
For you the day must darken as the night;
From all things fresh and fair you still are turning
Lest some swift phthisis smite you with its burning. . . .

Or one may find the same sort of implications in his description of wading birds:

WADING BIRDS

Near the bank, in shoals, they keep,
  Filthy waters nuzzling;
Little care they for the deep;
Dabblings there no harvests reap;
  Clean waves give no guzzling.

Without rest in sludge they flirt,
  Foul the pool with pleasure;
In their giddiness they squirt
Ears and eyes all full of dirt;
  Mud is all their measure.

The present volume is prefaced with an article of thirty-two pages on Guttormsson and his poetry, written by Arnór Sigurjónsson. There has also come to hand another critical article on the same poet, written by Professor Richard Beck and reprinted from *Skirnir* (Reykjavík). In addition,

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***The translations in this article are by Watson Kirkconnell.**

Dr. Beck has published this past year critical articles on Longfellow's acquaintance with Norse literature, on the scholarship of Professor Halldór Hermannsson, and on the sculpture of Ríkardur Jónsson. Tribute should also be paid to the high literary quality of the annual *Tîmarit* of the Icelandic National League.

As the work of Guttormur Guttormsson has been previously analysed in some detail in these annual surveys, it is not necessary to pause further over it here. Much less familiar is the work of the late Bjarni Thorsteinsson frá Höfn (1868-1943), whose collected *Poems* have just been published in Winnipeg by his five children, with an introduction by Mr. Gísli Jónsson. Here the assay of gold to the ton of poetic ore is much lower than in the case of Guttormsson, but as Mr. Jónsson wisely points out it is certainly high enough to justify the issue of the present volume. We should be poorer without it.

Bjarni Thorsteinsson was born in Iceland, received some of his early training in Copenhagen, and came to Canada in 1903 at the age of thirty-five. He lived in Winnipeg and in Selkirk, Man., and was successively a carpenter and a photographer. His best poetic work is in his lyrics, especially those, taken from nature, which constitute the first section of his collected works. Not the least interesting division of the book is that which contains his verse translations from German, French, and English. Here the roster includes J. G. Herder, Heinrich Heine, Victor Hugo, Edgar Allan Poe, and Robert W. Service—the last-named with full Icelandic versions of "The Cremation of Sam McGee" and "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

Another Canadian translator is Dr. Isidore Goldstick, of London, Ont., who has just given us an admirable rendering from Yiddish of *Inside Kasrilevke,* a volume of hilarious prose sketches by the great Jewish humourist Sholom Aleichem (1859-1916). Their setting is in Kasrilevke, an imaginary little town in Tsarist Russia, but their laughter is timeless. The chief figure in *Inside Kasrilevke* is the old rabbi, Reb Yozifl, a character in which dignity and tenderness have been blended with simple-mindedness.

Publications by Canada's Jewry are, indeed, fairly copious for the year. The largest single work is Benjamin Sack's *History of the Jews in Canada,* originally issued in English in 1945 and now being brought out in an enlarged edition in Yiddish. The first volume covers the impressive record from the French régime down to the year 1900. Of far slighter dimensions but of kindred interest is H. M. Caiserman's *Two Canadian Personalities,* dealing with Lyon Cohen (1868-1937), president of the first Canadian Jewish Congress in 1919, and Archibald J. Freiman (1880-1944), national president of the Zionist Organization of Canada from 1919 to 1941. Mr. David Rome has edited for the Canadian Jewish Congress the second volume of the record of Canada's Jews in World War II. This volume gives biographical sketches of all casualties, usually with photographs, and covers 420 killed, 334 wounded, and 85 prisoners of war. Of scientific interest is Mortimer Spiegelman's study of "The Longevity of Jews in Canada, 1940-42." It appears that although Jews have a lower birth-rate than any other Canadian group, they have a much higher survival-rate. In the first year of life, for instance, the mortality rate for infants of Jewish origin is only two-fifths of that for all Canadian infants. Mr. Spiegelman stresses their higher life-expectancy: "The life table for Jews in Canada shows that, out of a cohort of live births, age 48 will be reached by nine-tenths of the males and age 51 by nine-tenths of the females. The corresponding ages for the general population of Canada are only 20 years for males and 30 years for females."

Two other volumes present in Yiddish more belletristic aspects of the Jewish community. Mr. S. M. Selchen of Winnipeg, an active columnist of the *Israelite Press,* has issued a large collection of his press contributions, entitled *By the Way.* From Montreal comes *Pioneers,* by N. J. Gotlieb, an extensive gathering of verse narratives dealing with young Lithuanian Jews preparing themselves for Palestine. Titles are of the homely order of "The Barber," "The Messenger," "Pigeons," and "Work."

The Reverend Stepan Semchuk, one of the Basilian fathers of Mundare, Alta., has issued two pamphlets during the year. *Our Kholm District* is a nostalgic sketch from the ecclesiastical history of a town and district near Lublin. Much more substantial in his *Outline of Ukrainian Literature,* which presents a compendium of the national record in literature from the eleventh century to the twentieth. The first half of his literary history deals with writers before 1709; and the foreshortening of the more recent period tends towards the piling up of lists of names. Father Semchuk shows his impartiality by giving equal critical justice to a great historian like Professor Michael Hrushevsky, martyred by Red despotism, and to an authentic but renegade poet like Pavlo Tychyna, who now polishes literary apples for the Kremlin. Canadians will be interested in the well-deserved recognition of Petro Karmansky, a scholarly poet who lived for a time in Brandon and in Winnipeg, before passing on to Brazil. This is an excellent little volume.

Ukrainian letters in Canada have been enriched by a second large volume of the posthumous *Memoirs* of Professor Alexander Koshyts (cf. "Letters in Canada: 1947"), issued by the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre, Winnipeg, and covering the period of the eminent conductor's life from 1901 to 1919.

On the border-line between politics and religion are two addresses—"Christ against the Devil" and "With Which Guidance?"—delivered by the Reverend Dr. Dmytro Dontzov and published in pamphlet form. Dr.

Dontzov denounces Communism as diabolic in character, origin, and intent, and then goes on to urge a deepened sense of religious consecration as the only true antidote to the Tartarean poison.

Really belonging to this record of Canadian letters, because most of it was written in Canada by a man who lived for forty years in the Canadian West, is the late Percival Cundy's large volume of translations from the poetry of Ivan Franko (1856-1916), the most prolific of all Ukrainian writers. Dr. Cundy died at West Collingwood, N.J., in 1947, and his lifelong work in translating the poems of Franko has been edited posthumously by Professor Clarence A. Manning of Columbia University. The total result is scholarly, thorough, and comprehensive. Franko is at last available to English readers in competent verse and on a scale ample enough to illustrate the scope and quality of his output. There is a preface by Professor Manning, a biographical sketch of Franko in ninety-six pages by Dr. Cundy himself, and a very useful series of notes explaining the major poems in the volume.

The place occupied by Franko in the cultural consciousness of Ukrainians may be indicated by Dr. Cundy's description of the impression made by his death at Lemberg during the First World War:

> The news of Franko's passing aroused a deep emotional response not only throughout Western Ukraine but wherever the news penetrated to Ukrainians, whether in the far-flung battle zones, in exile in Siberia, or in the camps of prisoners of war. The Ukrainian newspapers came out with black-bordered pages and foreign newspapers in Poland, Germany, Russia and the Balkan countries carried articles, more or less full, giving accounts of his life and activity. His funeral was an impressive testimony to the place he held in the hearts of his compatriots. The Shevchenko Society took charge of all the arrangements and strove to surround them with all possible decorum and dignity. The funeral procession was enormous, for there were over ten thousand people in the procession that escorted the body to the grave and the streets were packed with those who looked on in respectful sympathy.

It is not often that a simple writer, who had never held public office, has received so profound a tribute at his death.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

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REVIEWS

ENGLISH LITERARY CRITICISM: THE RENASCENCE[1]

H. S. Wilson

The historian of literary criticism has a thankless role. If his aim is to record the opinions that have come down to us concerning the art of writing, his task is well-nigh endless. He must give the gist of thousands upon thousands of dull pages of rules and formulas; he must relate the squabbles of the coteries, and the bandyings of authorities by means of which teachers have endeavoured to enforce their opinions in the schools; and amid the welter of changing and discarded tastes, he must try to distinguish and suitably commend to the reader the few pages of golden counsel that have descended from Aristotle's time to ours. All but the stoutest-hearted may well quail at the mere thought of such an undertaking.

There are, to be sure, certain ways of simplifying the task. Professor George Saintsbury, a generation ago, devoted some of his enormous energy and enthusiasm to *A History of Criticism and Literary Taste, from the Earliest Texts to the Present Day,* in which he undertook to give chiefly the results of his sifting of the fine gold of criticism, with casual and entertaining comments upon the baser ore. His volumes contain an interesting record of the critical principles and tastes of their worthy author but they do not constitute a "history" in any other sense. The commoner expedient is to attempt the history of literary criticism for only a limited period and from a special and limited point of view. Thus in the period of the Renaissance, J. E. Spingarn's *Literary Criticism in the Renaissance* provides the best account of the background of seventeenth-century classicism, and this study has been admirably continued in R. Bray's *La Formation de la doctrine classique en France*. But Spingarn's work attains its special concentration at the expense of ignoring the greater part of the literary theory in the period of which he treats—that which concerns rhetoric—and it too is a "history" in but a limited sense.

It is the distinction of Professor Atkins that he has given us an historical survey of literary theory and criticism in antiquity that is more up-to-date, more thorough and conscientious in its coverage, and, on the whole, more readable, than any other account in English;[2] that he has explored the wilderness of medieval theorizing in a volume which, though necessarily more restricted in scope, is nevertheless packed with useful information and provides the only treatment of its theme in English that is worth close attention;[3] and finally that, in the volume here under review, he has examined the documents of English criticism for the Renaissance with the laudable purpose of systematic thoroughness. This is more than any other writer in the field has attempted in recent times, and for the magnitude of the undertaking alone, it deserves to be considered with respect.

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[1] *English Literary Criticism: The Renascence.* By J. W. H. Atkins. London: Methuen [Toronto: Saunders]. 1947. Pp. xii, 371. ($4.25)

[2] *Literary Criticism in Antiquity* (Cambridge, 1934), 2 vols.

[3] *English Literary Criticism: The Medieval Phase* (Cambridge, 1943).

In *English Literary Criticism: The Renascence,* Professor Atkins begins with a survey of the critical stimulus that came to England by way of the Italian humanists of the fifteenth century. Proceeding, then, with a chapter on the critical ideas and teachings in the writings of the founders of English humanism, Colet, Erasmus, and Vives, he next considers briefly the rhetorical tradition of the schools, with special reference to Thomas Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique.* Successive chapters deal with "The Defence of Poetry" (Willis, Lodge, Sidney); "The Art of Poetry" (Gascoigne, Harvey, E. K., Webbe, Puttenham); the miscellaneous criticism of Nashe, Harington, Daniel, Meres, and Hall. There is a chapter on dramatic criticism, and the four concluding chapters trace the later critical developments of the period through Chapman, Bacon, Ben Jonson, and others, to the time of Milton.

Where so much is offered, backed by a perspective of the historical development of the critical tradition such as Professor Atkins commands and by a body of learning so thorough and solid, it may seem ungenerous to speak of certain shortcomings in his work. Nevertheless, the reviewer feels bound to mention a circumstance not uncommon in the writings of scholars separated from us by the Atlantic Ocean and especially notable in the present volume, the neglect to consider whether anything of value may have been written on the topic under consideration by anyone living on this side of the water. Professor Atkins has heard of Spingarn, whose work first appeared in 1899, but he has scarcely associated the name of any other American scholar with his subject. To one who has examined T. W. Baldwin's *William Shakespeare's Small Latine & Lesse Greeke* (1944), which contains by far the most thorough treatment of the curricula and texts of the Elizabethan grammar schools, Professor Atkins' comments upon this topic must seem inadequate, to say the least. More serious is the failure to take account of the changing taste in prose style that occurred toward the end of the sixteenth century, from the Ciceronian mode of such writers as Ascham, Sidney, and Hooker, to what has been variously called "Attic," Senecan, or baroque, a change reflected in both the theory and the practice of Bacon, Ben Jonson, and a long line of their seventeenth-century successors. This major critical and stylistic development has been widely studied by American scholars, and most notably in a masterly series of articles by the late M. W. Croll. Four years ago, the matter was carefully reviewed by a well-informed English authority, Professor F. P. Wilson. Of this whole phenomenon, however, Professor Atkins seems to be unaware.

In view of such oversights, it is not surprising that Professor Atkins has not heard of the influence of Petrus Ramus and Audomarus Talaeus in Elizabethan and Jacobean England. (Talaeus is barely mentioned on page 70 as one of the authors of "influential manuals" that appeared on the continent; Ramus is not mentioned at all.) Of the marked influence of Ramus and Talaeus upon English education toward the turn of the century, and hence upon English literature as well, Professor Atkins gives no hint. The author, indeed, has not anywhere adequately considered the relation between the literary tastes and theories of the time and what was being taught in the schools and universities. Though it has been common in the past to dismiss such prosaic matters as insignificant, it is nevertheless being increasingly demonstrated that the school text-books of dialectic and rhetoric and the commentaries upon ancient authors, dull though they may be to modern taste, often provide an essential clue for an understanding of the methods and purposes of Renaissance authors; and that the historian of Renaissance literature neglects these guides at the cost of writing much that is beside the point.

The truth is that Professor Atkins has no notion of approaching his subject in this way. He shares the extraordinary view, still widely current among scholars, that though Renaissance authors themselves learned to write by following a rhetorical discipline and expressed at least two-thirds of what they had to say about the art of writing in terms of that discipline, the discipline itself may be virtually dismissed by the present-day historian as wrong-headed and trivial. To treat of Renaissance literary criticism while neglecting this essential historical clue is to come short of a clear understanding of the subject. Professor Atkins does not overtly substitute his own taste for an historical criterion in what he has to say about the Renaissance, as Professor Saintsbury did before him; but he has recourse, in a roundabout way, to much the same expedient:

> . . . English critics, seeking for light amidst the literary confusion of the time, also looked to first principles, and, following the earlier Italians, relied primarily in their treatment of literary problems on Nature or reason as their main instrument of arriving at truth. This is not to say, however, that the New Learning was without its effects on English critical inquiries and judgments. To classical teaching great deference was paid by early Italian and English theorists alike; but generally, it should be noted, with reservations of a rational kind. Theories of various kinds were drawn from ancient authorities, and interesting principles of permanent value were from time to time assimilated. Nevertheless, the authority of the ancients was in general recognized only in so far as it was capable of being reconciled with the dictates of Nature or reason; while where native instincts suggested new theories or methods the necessary departures were freely advocated by English critics. And this was due not so much to a spirit of independence ascribed to the English genius as to the spirit of rationalism emphasized, though not originated, by Italian Humanists. So that, despite constant recourse to ancient teaching, the fundamental principle which governed English criticism at this stage was not, as is sometimes assumed, that of "following the ancients," but rather of accepting Nature or reason as the ultimate guide in theory and

practice alike; and this fact will be found to explain much in the critical performance. (P. 6.)

With all due submission, the present writer cannot see that this explains anything at all, unless, perhaps, Professor Atkins' own preferences in Renaissance criticism. "The dictates of Nature or reason" in Professor Atkins' parlance will be found to come to nothing more. For if he means "Nature" as Renaissance critics used this expression, it may be observed that they used it in various and sometimes contradictory ways. Professor Atkins recurs to this criterion in his summing-up, where he expresses it as "the laws of Nature or reason" (p. 346), but without offering any further elucidation than is given in the paragraph quoted above. Let us suppose that he means something like "the judgment of what is fitting that men in every age bring to the settling of their problems." One may suppose that Spenser thought he was using good judgment when he refused to be bound by the precedent of Theocritus, Virgil, and Sannazaro in devising the diction of *The Shepherd's Calendar*. Sir Philip Sidney evidently thought otherwise. But assuredly he would never have accused Spenser of going contrary to "the laws of Nature or reason" in his choice of diction, for this would be to beg the question in high astounding terms, and Sidney was too sensible for that. To take another and perhaps fairer illustration, Professor Atkins tells us that "native genius and native traditions, together with the dictates of Nature or reason" governed the emergence of the " 'new art' of Shakespeare and others" (p. 352). But just what these "dictates of Nature or reason" were, or how they differed from Shakespeare's "native genius" he does not explain; and one suspects that this is really a way of praising Shakespeare's art—not perhaps a very good way—rather than of describing it.

When all the objections to the faults of method and the omissions in Professor Atkins' book have been lodged—and they are many and weighty, as it seems to this writer—it should nevertheless be stressed that his book contains the most valuable survey of English literary criticism in the Renaissance that we have at present. The subject has not yet received adequate treatment; and until someone is willing to assimilate fully the findings of other scholars in the field and thoroughly to expound the relations between what Renaissance authors studied concerning the art of writing and what they said and did, we probably shall not have even so useful a treatment as Professor Atkins has given us. In the meanwhile, we may feel duly grateful for what we have.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON*

MALCOLM W. WALLACE

This is the most detailed life of Booker Washington that has yet appeared. The author has spent much time in the Southern States, has

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**Booker T. Washington: Educator and Interracial Interpreter.* By BASIL MATHEWS. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: Book Society]. 1948. Pp. xviii, 350. ($6.00) talked to many of Washington's friends and colleagues, and has had access to the large collection of papers in the Research Department at Tuskegee. The result is a substantial addition to our factual knowledge, especially regarding the development of Tuskegee Institute. In the light of this new study, Washington's achievement appears more solid and remarkable, and leaves no doubt as to his extraordinary ability and greatness as a man. It is an adequate justification, if such were needed, for his election to the "Hall of Fame of Great Americans."

In a brief review it is impossible to do justice to this elaborate study of a great leader who left his permanent impress on one of the chief political and social problems of the United States. We may commend, however, Professor Mathews' assessment of the essential value of Washington's work. Today there is keen debate on the subject, as there was during his lifetime, and there are wide differences of opinion among both black and white Americans. Washington hated the abominable poverty and squalor which were the portion of nearly all the coloured race, and to deliver his people from their own shiftlessness, ignorance, and poverty was the one governing ambition of his life. At Tuskegee he sought to inculcate thrift, cleanliness, and good manners, and to relate book-learning to the problems of the Negro's daily life. His faith was in graduates who were eager to own their own land and farm animals, to build their own houses, and to co-operate with their fellows in developing a community which might grow steadily in the mastery of the best methods of farm work, and in self-respect and self-confidence. He was afraid of white-collar education divorced from the learning of manual skills, as he feared it could lead only to unemployment and discontent.

He was amazingly successful in the working out of his plans. He began with nothing, and at the end of twenty-five years the Institute "housed some 1,600 students on 2,300 acres, working, worshipping and living in 83 buildings and taking instruction from a faculty of 156." The bricks had been made and the buildings built by the students, for Washington's faith in self-help was unbounded. In a brief talk to farmers he put his philosophy in a nut-shell:

> Make your own little heaven right here and now. Do it by putting business methods into your farming, by growing things in your garden the year around, by building and keeping attractive and comfortable homes for your children so they will stay at home and not go to the cities, by keeping your bodies and your surroundings clean, by staying on one place, by getting a good teacher and a good preacher, by building a good school and church, by letting your wife be your partner in all you do, by keeping out of debt, and by cultivating friendly relations with your neighbours both white and black.

"Yes," say his critics, "but he soft-pedalled political and social aims. Substantially, he accepted the sub-human status assigned to the Negro by his masters—a status against which other great Negro leaders like Frederick Douglass and Du Bois thundered unceasingly." The subject is too large to be examined here. We may note that Washington too denounced the injustices under which his race suffered, and he used the same language of condemnation in the South and in the North. The debate is largely a matter of relative emphasis. But it is foolish to submerge in controversy Washington's great achievement. He was a very great man. His boundless energy and devotion, the constructive fertility of his mind, and his qualities of head and heart, abundantly justify the pride and admiration of a multitude of Americans, black and white. He was probably the greatest Negro in history.

HAWTHORNE THE MAN: A MYSTERY STILL*

GORDON ROPER

Of the three biographies of Nathaniel Hawthorne published in this past year—by Robert Cantwell, Randall Stewart, and Mark Van Doren—Mr. Cantwell's is the most comprehensive in presenting the social and literary background and the most limited in the quality of its literary judgment.

Mr. Cantwell, a former editor of the book section of *Time,* is interested primarily in Hawthorne the man, not the author. Assuming, with little demonstration, that Hawthorne was one of the finest artists of his time, Mr. Cantwell subordinates Hawthorne's literary works to other material in his solution of the mystery of Hawthorne's personality. That personality fascinates him: the lonely, secluded spirit in the robust body, surrounded by worldly friends in a dynamic age; the spirit that transmuted second-rate Gothic and sentimental material into dark psychological studies of sin and isolation in his tales and novels, and yet packed his private journals with sharp sun-lighted observations of the real life about him in town and on the road.

The paradoxes of Hawthorne's personality have interested previous biographers, but (with some justification) Mr. Cantwell believes that the biographies published before this year merely perpetuate or elaborate a romantic picture of a morbid Hawthorne first suggested by his son Julian in *Hawthorne and His Wife* (1884). To correct this picture, Mr. Cantwell has been indefatigable in research. Apparently he has read all the Hawthorne journals, letters, tales, sketches, novels, and fugitive journalism; he has read all the previous biographies and the current scholarship; he has investigated the lives of almost all the persons (it would seem) directly or indirectly connected with Hawthorne during his life; he has travelled the countryside where Hawthorne passed, pored over old maps of towns and country, read the newspapers and books that Hawthorne probably read.

**Nathaniel Hawthorne: The American Years.* By ROBERT CANTWELL. New York: Rinehart [Toronto: Clarke, Irwin]. 1948. Pp. xiv, 499. ($6.00)

The masses of detail that he has gathered are arrayed in this first volume which recounts minutely the events of Hawthorne's life from the arrival of his forefathers in the seventeenth-century New World up to 1850 when Hawthorne at the age of forty-five published *The Scarlet Letter*. A second volume, on the years 1851-64, is to follow.

Biographers before Cantwell, Stewart, and Van Doren have stressed the passive quality in Hawthorne's personality; Mr. Cantwell has championed the active. He sees Hawthorne as "a great man, leading an active and vigorous life of considerable excitement and some hazard," "an active politician in the Democratic Party," "a skillful journalist." "The depth and the nature of his political work is mysterious. That is the true mystery of his life. He was forever visiting scenes where explosions had occurred or where violence of some sort was threatened, or where smugglers were active. Loneliness and seclusion were his portion, certainly, but they had less to do with his writing and with his view of the world than with his duties in the customs service."

Mr. Cantwell has scented mystery behind Hawthorne's trips about New England, especially in the late eighteen-thirties, on which he made careful observations in his journals of the people and places he saw. He has noted that Hawthorne was in Maine during the "Aroostook War" between the Canadas and Maine; in Salem during the White murder, leaving before witnesses were called to trial; in Pittsfield just after an explosion in a public powder magazine during the tension in the border area after the Rebellion of 1837 in Upper Canada. He finds something sinister in the conjectural relations of Hawthorne with certain former college friends: one was a suicide; another, Jonathan Cilley, became a Congressman and was killed in a political duel; another, Franklin Pierce, became a Democratic President; another, Horatio Bridge, lost a fortune in a dam speculation in Maine. Mr. Cantwell writes after his detailed description of each of these events something like this: "It is impossible to say positively that Hawthorne had any direct interest in these events . . ." and then moves through conjecture to belief that Hawthorne was officially or unofficially concerned. Mr. Cantwell seems to have caught from Hawthorne himself the trick of evading the one obvious explanation and of insinuating not one but often two or three dark possibilities. This stress on a semi-sinister political life for which we lack positive evidence overcolours Mr. Cantwell's picture of Hawthorne's life.

But this biography should hold the interest of general reader and Hawthorne scholar by its story, meticulously yet ardently told. For Mr. Cantwell obviously has fallen in love with his principal and his minor characters and the world they lived in, and as a result he has given us a panorama of the daily life of a fine, tough-grained set of individuals. In the fashion made popular by Van Wyck Brooks, he builds his narrative often by transposing with little change (and without quotes) blocks of material from Hawthorne's own work. Sometimes he presents a series of details about minor characters which are unrelated to the theme of the book, and sometimes his interpretation of the factual data is over-dramatic, but at least the book is lively reading. The Hawthorne enthusiast must thank Mr. Cantwell for his exhaustive research and for making the facts he has collected easily available. It probably will be long before any biography supersedes his as a storehouse of Hawthorniana. And although he seems to have overdone it in this volume, his stress on the active instead of the passive Hawthorne is a contribution towards a more balanced understanding of the mystery of Hawthorne's personality.

DR. JOHNSON AND SCIENCE* DORIS B. SAUNDERS

Philosophic Words, by W. K. Wimsatt, Jr., is another significant, if somewhat specialized study to be added to that ever growing corpus of material known as Johnsoniana. Mr. Wimsatt, who is Professor of English and Fellow of Silliman College at Yale, is well qualified to write this "Study of Style and Meaning in the *Rambler* and *Dictionary* of Samuel Johnson." It was completed during his tenure of a Guggenheim fellowship and is an extension of his previous book, *The Prose Style of Samuel Johnson*. He writes with the sense of assurance that comes only to one who is familiar with the best of the published bibliographical studies and the important, but unpublished, doctoral dissertations on the scholarly writers of the eighteenth century.

The author informs the reader in the Preface that he will not find the familiar Boswellian anecdotes, but in this critical study of Johnson's prose, "a rich account of Johnson's philosophic mind." It is at this point that we should, perhaps, define the meaning of "philosophic." "Throughout the present study," writes Mr. Wimsatt, "the terms 'philosophic' and 'scientific' will be used almost, but not quite, interchangeably—the latter in contexts where the emphasis is upon experimental and physical origins, the former for the most part where the emphasis is on the dignity connoted by a kind of diction." Boswell, apparently, was so unacquainted with the sciences "that he failed completely to record an important side of Johnson's character." This deficiency in Boswell left the way open for the present study: "an attempt to refine upon a widely current and traditional idea of Johnson's Latinate, abstract, and sesquipedalian diction; to expound the 'philosophical' implications of his diction." The author is also desirous that we should see the greater significance of this study as "of an age and intellectual climate."

In the historical sketch the author indicates that the English have always favoured pompous and grandiloquent diction. In the fourteenth

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**Philosophic Words: A Study of Style and Meaning in the* Rambler *and* Dictionary *of Samuel Johnson.* By W. K. WIMSATT, JR. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1948. Pp. xx, 167. ($3.75) century such words were referred to as "flourished," in the fifteenth as "aureate," in the sixteenth as "inkhorn," and in the seventeenth and eighteenth as "hard." An amusing parody of "inkhorn" is this from Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique:* "You know my literature, you knowe the pastorall promotion, I obtestate your clemencie, to invigilate thus much for me, according to my confidence, and as you knowe my condigne merits for such a compendious living. But now I relinquish to fatigate your intelligence, with any more frivolous verbosities, and therefore he that rules the climates, be evermore your beautreux, your fortresse, and your bulwarke. Amen." It is not, however, with "inkhorn" that Mr. Wimsatt is concerned but with the "hard" words which were brought into the vocabulary by the scientific and metaphysical writers of the seventeenth century who contributed to the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society. Such philosophic diction is to be found in the writings of Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Wilkins, Newton, Browne, Arbuthnot, Chambers, More, Burnet, Ray, Bentley, and others. As most of these scientists wrote in both Latin and English, and translated much from the Latin, the vocabulary of science was naturally Latinized. Mr. Wimsatt is not the first to point out the fact that some scientific writers affected "hard words and equivocal expressions . . . to make their art appear more venerable and mysterious." The author is particularly interested, however, with noting the ways in which scientific words have first a physical and then a psychological or figurative meaning. One example must suffice. In 1658 Edward Phillips defined "exacerbation" as "a making sour" in his *New World of Words,* and he adds the psychological meaning of "embitterment" or "irritation" when he says, "In Rhetorick it is the same figure with Sarcasmus." At the end of the chapter, as a foretaste of things to come, Mr. Wimsatt shows the effect of this philosophic verbiage on the Rambler: "The notions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture which can never unite. The spirits of youth sublimed by health, and volatilized by passion, soon leave behind them the phlegmatick sediment of weariness and deliberation."

Before beginning his analysis of Johnson's *Dictionary,* Mr. Wimsatt points to the fact that the vocabulary of science had been recorded in Kersey's revision of Phillips' *World of Words* in 1706, and in Bailey's revised folio *Dictionarium* of 1736 which Johnson used in the making of his. In the Preface to his *Dictionary* Johnson states that he prepared it "for the use of such as aspire to exactness of criticism or elegance of style." Mr. Wimsatt praises this aim as being "both scientific and literary in the widest senses." Illustrating Johnson's preference for fine words, he quotes Johnson's comment on the diction in *Macbeth:* "Since phrases used in conversation contract meanness by passing through the mouths of the vulgar, a poet should guard himself against the idiomatick ways of speaking."

Having traced the two strains that run through the *Dictionary,* the scientific and the religious, "the second related to the first by the physico-theological tie which is the motif of so much English writing of the period from which Johnson drew his sources," Mr. Wimsatt estimates that there are about 5,000 words of a scientific nature defined and illustrated in the *Dictionary,* or one in eight, which indicates, he concludes, "a familiarity with the literature and vocabulary of science . . . unusual for a man of letters, even in Johnson's day." The sources of Johnson's scientific knowledge are of interest to Mr. Wimsatt, and here he uses biographical material to best advantage by suggesting that Johnson learned much from cataloguing the Harleian Library in 1743-4, from the talks given at the Ivy Lane Club in 1749, from his translations of the lives of physicians for the *Medicinal Dictionary* of Dr. James, from his reading of the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society, and from scientific experiments in his own laboratory. Pages of illustrations reveal Johnson's presentation of a gradation of meanings from "the natural or primitive, the consequential, the metaphorical, the poetical, the familiar, the burlesque, and that which is peculiar to any great author" in his treatment of words in the *Dictionary.* Again, one example must suffice. Johnson defines "stagnant" as "motionless; still; not agitated; not flowing; not running," and then illustrates from Blackmore, Woodward, and, finally, from his own tragedy *Irene:*

> Immur'd and buried in perpetual sloth,
> That gloomy slumber of the stagnant soul.

The same analytical method used in Chapter II is again employed in Chapter III where the author shows that the style of the *Rambler,* like that of the *Dictionary,* is impregnated with philosophic diction. Johnson constantly draws analogies between natural science and psychological development, and uses medical imagery in a metaphorical sense, as in the reference to "the *antidotes* with which philosophy has medicated the cup of life." Terms of chemistry pervade the *Rambler,* and terms of physics lend vividness to the expression of his ideas.

Archibald Campbell facetiously remarked that Johnson wrote "his *Ramblers* to make a dictionary necessary, and afterwards compiled his dictionary to explain his *Ramblers,*" but Mr. Wimsatt shows in great detail how materials gathered for the *Dictionary* are used in the *Rambler,* and in the manner of the statistician offers two appendices to document his contentions. In Appendix A he has listed about 380 philosophic words from the *Rambler* to offer "a complete guide to more specific, technical, and esoteric literal terms of science and to clearly scientific metaphors and similes. . . ." In Appendix B he has listed the names of some of the authors whom Johnson chose as sources for his illustrations of the words defined in the *Dictionary.* This appendix provides not only "a chart to relations between the *Dictionary* philosophic sources and the *Rambler* philosophic vocabulary," but is as well a guide to Johnson's knowledge and use of philosophic writers.

One of the most attractive sections is that in the last chapter entitled "Philosophic Humor" where this scholarly treatise is lightened by the quotation of passages of a satirical and burlesque nature from the writings of Pope, Swift, Sterne, Smollett, and Peacock. There is little doubt, however, that Mr. Wimsatt's book will appeal chiefly to Johnson scholars, language specialists, and enlightened scientists.

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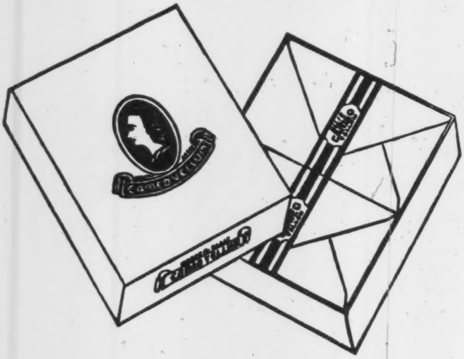

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